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SEVENPENCE.

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THE VICTOR IN THE AISNE HEIGHTS BATTLE: GENERAL MAISTRE.

General Maistre commands the French army which, in the last week of October, beginning on the 23rd of the month, achieved "whirlwind success" in the battle of the Aisne Heights, on the uplands between Soissons and Laon, driving out the enemy and firmly establishing itself on the western plateaux of the Aisne heights. General Maistre did better than he expected. "I did not reckon to have such

completely satisfactory results to announce," he told some journalists who interviewed him. "I did not reckon on them, though I hoped for them. . . . What the whole world should know are the glorious feats accomplished by my men." "They are," said one of General Maistre's officers, "men one might go on one's knees to." Over 11,000 prisoners were taken, including 200-odd officers and 160 guns, many heavy.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MELLY.



B. G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE discussion about the statue of Abraham Lincoln that is being carried on in a sort of undertone between experts and officials might well be a more popular topic in a less distracting time. For it raises, in rather an ironic manner, the question of the relations of democracy and art. Superficially, it might be held to contain a series of rather quaint contradictions. A great democracy offers the statue of a great man; the statue appears to be rather less admired among those who are giving it than among those who are accepting it; and the statue seems to be most unpopular where the man is most popular. Further, the statue seems to be an eyesore to the people because it exaggerates the extent to which its subject was a man of the people. An artist is possessed with the idea that the hero ought to look like a navvy; a mob is said to prefer that he should look like a gentleman, and derisively describes his more rugged embodiment as "a tramp with the colic." At the same time, the artist and the more artistic critics have the greatest contempt for the criticisms of the plain man, while glorifying their subject as a pre-eminently plain man—and, indeed, a rather needlessly ugly one.

Nowadays, apparently, the artists are the only aristocrats. They are the only people who are not talking democracy, sincerely or insincerely. If we took the world at its word just now, we should suppose it to be a planet populated exclusively by pure Republicans, and even by Early Christian Communists. The Crown Prince is not trying on the crown, like Henry V., but only the red cap, like Louis XVI. The Junkers, hitherto dried with antiquity, are galvanised into ungainly antics, as if they were indeed Youngsters—or something like Young Turks. Prussia will probably declare itself to be "a crowned republic" (whatever that may be), and all the most rigid reactionaries in the world will pray night and day (in public) for a plebiscite for the smaller peoples. If we went by explanations, we should suppose that Germany was not only ready for a revolution, but had successfully achieved one; and it is only in the dull and trivial matter of daily habits that we recover the thread of her historic continuity. Were it not that she is carting away more and more peaceable neutrals and non-combatants into a common slave-market; were it not that the silence is broken by the intermittent shots that silence a Belgian for taking an interest in Belgium; were it not that nearly all the uncrowned republics of this earth are mourning more and more of their citizens butchered suddenly and secretly on the sea—in short, were it not for the quiet undercurrent of everything that Germany does, we might set high democratic hopes upon several things that she says. As it is, we shall, perhaps, be wise if we call it the cant of the hour, and recognise that that there is a sort of fashion—not of being democratic, but of talking democratically.

But the artists, especially the pictorial and plastic artists, are still proud of being unpopular. That sort of superior person is still superior to everybody, especially to the other artists of the school immediately preceding him. He contemns Whistler's Impressionism, but he copies Whistler's impudence. I have no faith in the future of such Futurism, for I think mere progress a far more vulgar and even

illiterate ideal than mere popularity. To look to the future is merely to forge a testimonial from the babe unborn. And, if we look at the past, we find a hundred eccentrics whom fame has forgotten to one whom it has justified. I am not, however, going to argue that question here. It is enough to say, in the superficial commonsense of the thing, that there is a peculiar incongruity in this fastidious, self-sufficient, and almost secretive taste as applied to statuary. It seems absurd that a thing should not be popular when its whole object is to be public. The most exquisite art may be a puzzle to the mere passer-by; but if it is elaborately erected on a pedestal merely in order to impress him, it seems a pity that it should only puzzle him. Art may not be meant as a mere reproduction of nature; but if an image is put up on purpose to commemorate Lincoln, it might not unreasonably remind us of him. I am not here criticising the statue, but only the principle upon which some would justify the statue.

an evil from the first, yet he did not destroy that evil until the last; and then he destroyed it utterly. He might very possibly, like his present successor, never have attacked Prussianism till the last; but he would have seen it as an evil from the first, and when he attacked it he would have destroyed it utterly.

A Lutheran pastor, whose controversial correspondence was sent to me by an American friend, solemnly argued that there was no more moral significance in the transition from the use of gunpowder to the use of poison than in the transition from the use of bronze to the use of iron. No doubt he would say there was no more distinction between stabbing a friend in the back and stabbing a foe in the breast than there is between laming him in the left leg and laming him in the right. There is no better corrective to such crazy perversions than simply imagining for a moment what a man

like Lincoln would have thought of them. And, as it happens indeed, his career does provide us with a test case touching one of the weakest but most widespread of the German complaints. The German has discovered, a few years ago, a very belated and very inconsistent objection to the ancient practice of blockade, or the cutting off of food during a siege, as practised by England against Germany—and by Germany against France. It was also practised by Lincoln against the heroic resistance of the South; and no sane Southerner, I am sure, regards it as any blot on his fame. Yet we are gravely asked, in Pro-German pamphlets I have read myself, to weigh the English blockade of Germany against the German blockade of England, with its petty murder of any stray skipper putting out from any of the ports of the world.

Now suppose any man alive had gone to Abraham Lincoln and asked him to interpret the siege of the South on such a principle. Suppose we had told him to spring out of a hole and slay

anybody anywhere, neutral or belligerent, combatant or non-combatant, man, woman, or child, walking the roads of the round earth, whom he chose to think might, in some remote way do some good to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. Suppose he were asked to hid behind a wall and shoot the butcher's boy on the butcher's cart, or even the grocer's assistant in the grocer's shop. Suppose he were advised to massacre all the people in a passing omnibus, on the bare chance that one of them might be in the meat trade; or to blow a crowded wagonette to pieces, "so that not a trace was left," because some of the trippers might be carrying ham-sandwiches. These things would be the only possible parallel, in a land war of frontiers, to the German conduct even as fortified by the German excuses. And we all know that we could no more throw dust in Lincoln's eyes by such extravagant extensions than we could break down a stone statue of him by pelted it with dust. In this he stands for that immortal instinct by which every simple man knows the difference between Mars and Moloch, between Napoleon and Nero. And, in whatever fashion they carve a figure of him, it will so far stand for this great conscience of the people, if it is made in marble and remains erect.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: FRESH TROOPS BEING TAKEN UP TO THE FRONT LINE IN MOTOR-LORRIES.

Official Photograph.

If a public statue is only a private taste, it might much more properly be a private statuette.

This principle is a mere contempt for the public; and the public is but another name for the republic. The principle, whatever else it is, is therefore very inapplicable to the memory of so great a Republican. Lincoln would not, perhaps, have had much sympathy with any politician standing on a stone pedestal and looking down on the pedestrians in the street. But he would have had even less sympathy with an artist standing on a spiritual pedestal and looking down on the citizens of the State. He might himself have been surprised at the New York statue of Liberty enlightening the world; but he would have been even more amused at a Futurist statue, on the same scale, of Liberty mystifying the world. But, whatever the value of his opinion about Futurism in aesthetics, he was most certainly no Futurist in politics or in ethics. The truth of which his memory is the guardian, and of which his statue should be the symbol, is certainly that of the plain and permanent character of the common conscience of men. He is all the more a true type of the new union between his country and ours, because his clarity in theory was combined with considerable patience in practice. He saw slavery as

THE ARAB FRONT: THE HEDJAZ FLAG: A SON OF THE KING.

THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

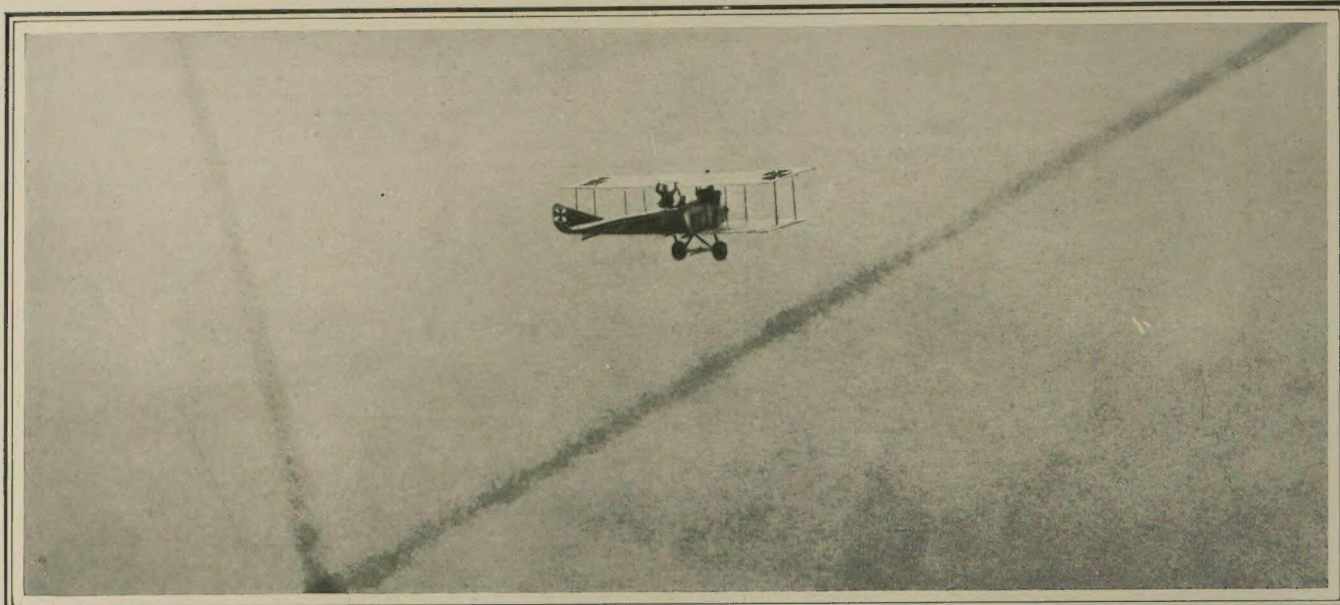


(1) RAISED AGAINST "THE INFIDELS OF CONSTANTINOPLE": THE NEW FLAG OF THE KING OF HEDJAZ—BLACK, GREEN, AND WHITE, WITH A RED TRIANGLE.

The flag recently designed for the Government of the King of Hedjaz (formerly Grand Shereef of Mecca) was described in our issue of September 22. As the upper photograph on this page shows its design more clearly, the description may appropriately be repeated. The King of Hedjaz decreed that the flag "should be designed in three parallel blocks of colour, in the order of black, green, and white, together with a triangular portion in dark red embracing the other three. The black commemorates the Prophet's flag, 'Al-'Ukab,' which the distinguished companions of the Prophet were privileged to carry

(2) ONE OF THE SONS OF THE KING OF HEDJAZ: THE EMIR FAISSAL (THE SECOND FIGURE FROM THE RIGHT), WITH OTHER ARAB NOTABLES, IN HIS TENT.

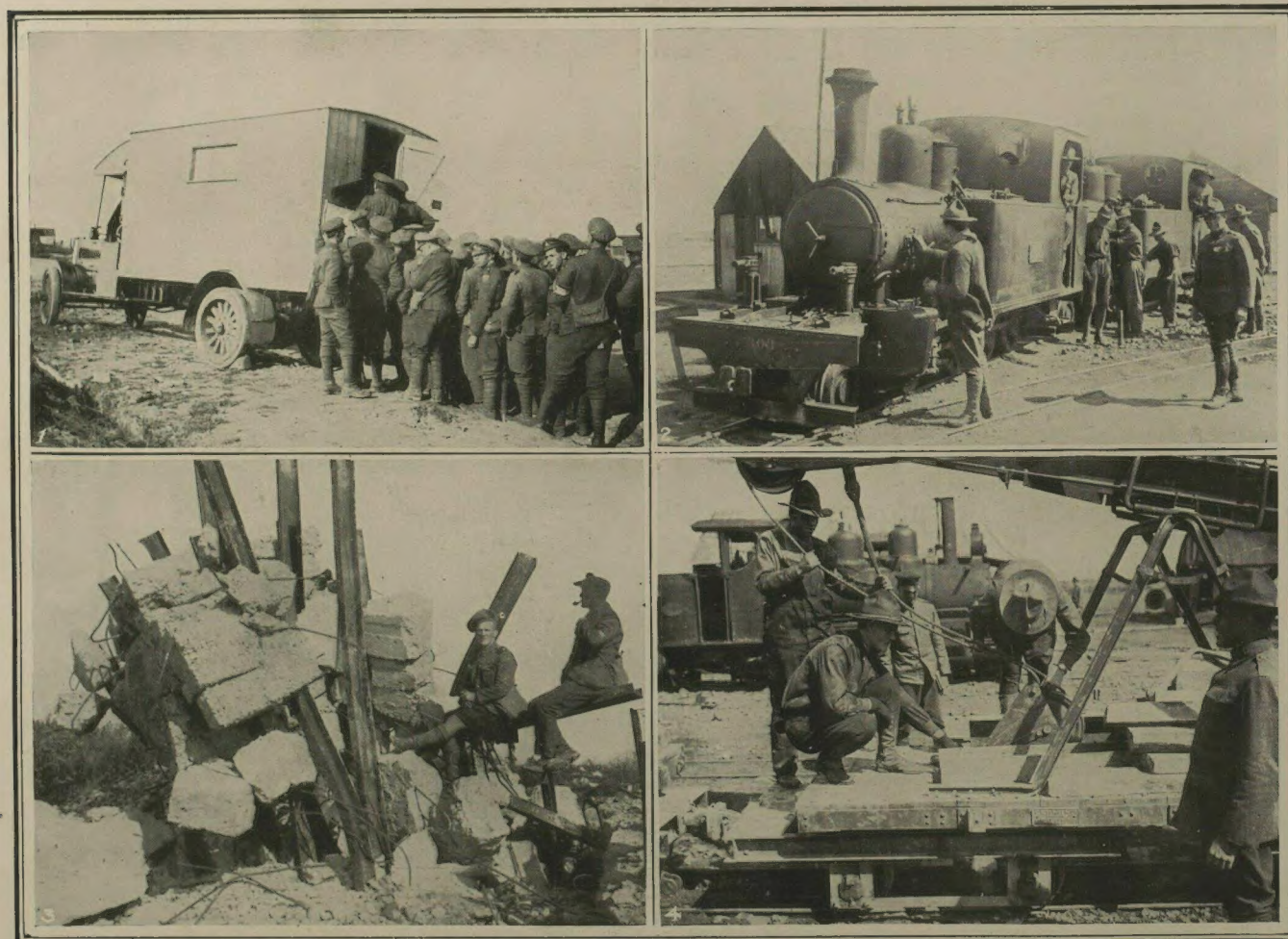
in the campaigns. The Abbasid dynasty also chose black, and is always known by that colour. The green has been for ages the distinguishing colour of the Prophet's line. White has also been used as a badge by the Arabs on many occasions. The triangular portion in red is a colour used by the reigning family in Hedjaz since the days of their ancestor, Abu-Nami." Troops of the King of Hedjaz recently occupied Maan and Akaba, at the head of the Red Sea, thus joining hands with the Anglo-Egyptian forces in Palestine. Meanwhile, Arabian forces have been investing Medina.

"Kamerad!" in the Air: A German Aeroplane-Observer Surrendering to a French Machine.

HOLDING UP HIS HANDS LIKE HIS COMRADES OF THE TRENCHES: THE OBSERVER OF A GERMAN AEROPLANE SURRENDERING DURING AN AIR-FIGHT.

This remarkable photograph was taken in the air during an encounter between a French and a German aeroplane on the Western Front. Part of the French machine is visible in the "foreground." In the German aeroplane the observer is seen holding up his hands in token of surrender just as German soldiers do when they cry "Kamerad!"

on the ground. Doubtless the German airmen had realised that their machine was bound to come down in the French lines, and the observer thus surrendered in the air to enable them to descend safely. Both the French flying men and our own are continually bringing down enemy machines.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.]

Where American Engineers are Doing Valuable Work on Light Railways: The British Front.

(1) CATERING FOR TROOPS ON THE MARCH: A TRAVELLING CANTEEN PROVIDED BY BRITISH WOMEN.

(3) SEATED ON A VERY DILAPIDATED "PILL-BOX": A PAIR OF VICTORIOUS SCOTS.

The travelling canteen shown in the first photograph was the gift of the British Women's National Temperance Association. It follows troops on the march and its activities are highly appreciated by the men. In the photograph below are seen two Scottish soldiers sitting on the remains of a German "pill-box" which has apparently sustained a direct hit from our guns. The services of the United States Army Engineers who are

(2) HIGHLY VALUED FOR THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION: AMERICAN ENGINEERS ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

(4) AMERICAN ENGINEERS ON THE BRITISH FRONT AT WORK ON LIGHT RAILWAYS.

engaged in railway work on the British front have proved of great value, as they are extremely efficient. It may be recalled that the U.S. Headquarters in France announced recently that some battalions of their first contingent were occupying first-line trenches on the French front, supported by batteries of United States Artillery. The Americans have thus fired their first shot on the Western Front.—[BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.]

SEAPLANE HANGARS ON BOARD CRUISING SHIPS: HOW AIR WORK IS CARRIED ON OUT AT SEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

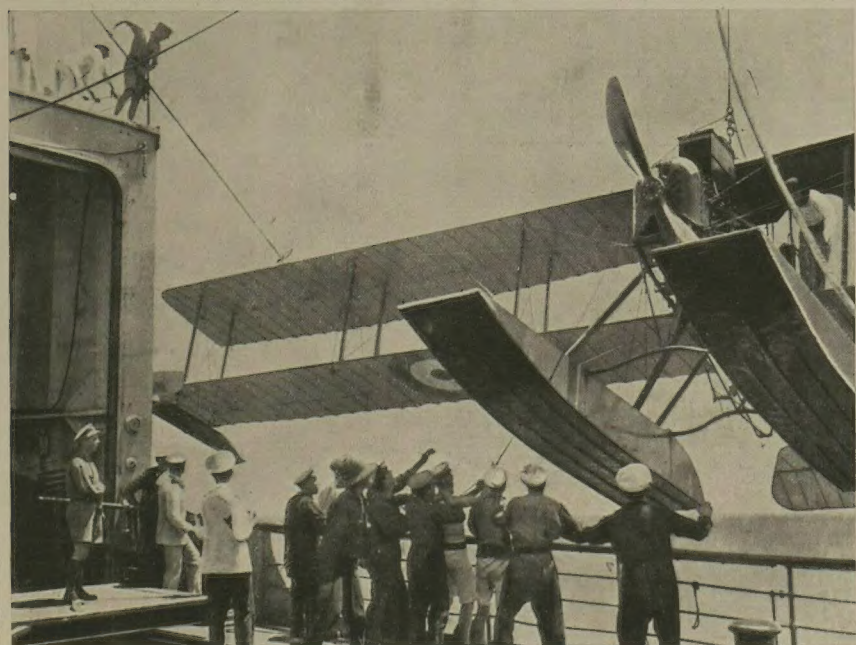
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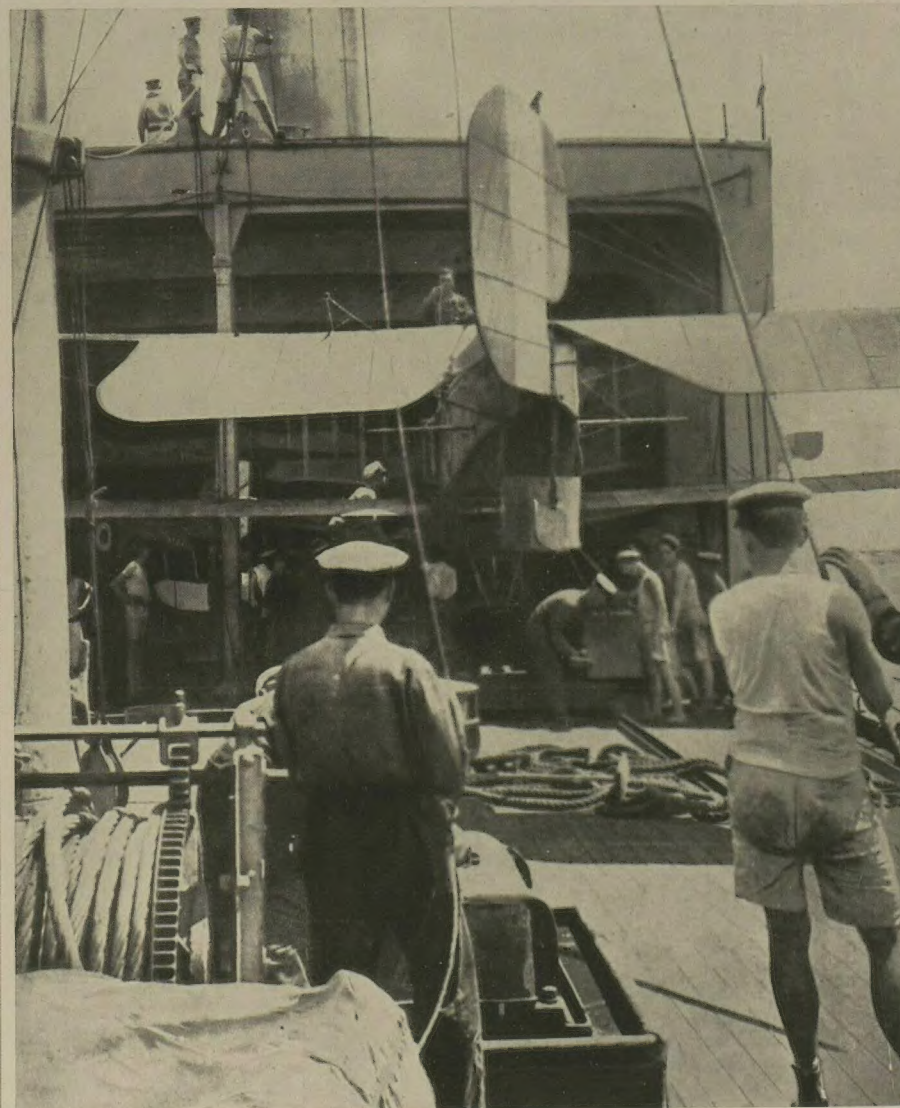
A HOSTILE 'PLANE BEING CHASED:
WATCHING FROM ON DECK.



A FIGHT GOING ON, HIGH OUT OF RANGE
OVERHEAD: WATCHING THE COMBATANTS.



STARTING FROM THE HANGAR TO CHASE AN ENEMY 'PLANE: HOISTING A SEAPLANE
OUT OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE.



ON RETURNING ON BOARD FROM DUTY: A SEAPLANE BEING STOWED AWAY
AND SECURELY HOUSED IN THE HANGAR.

We are past the methods of the "Ark Royal" and other seaplane-carriers which did good service earlier in the war, notably in the air attack of Christmas 1914 on Cuxhaven and the German Fleet in Wilhelmshaven, and at the Dardanelles. Former expedients serve still, on occasion, but experience and improved arrangements have since come into being. For service in the Mediterranean, among other war-areas, specially adapted seaplane-carrying cruisers are now in commission, vessels with regulation hangars constructed on deck. A hangar on board one such ship is shown on this page. The machines are stowed securely under cover, and more than one can be carried in the hangar, which is erected in the after-part of the vessel. The planes are

rapidly brought out when required and lowered over the side on to the surface, to start thence at once on their flight. One seaplane is shown in the third illustration while being put overboard. It is head-on to the reader. Note the floats with their up-curving toboggan or pontoon shaped fore-ends. To the left in the illustration is seen part of the hangar entrance. A just-housed seaplane, stowed away on its return from duty, is seen inside the hangar, in the fourth illustration. Alike for raiding coast fortifications, fighting hostile 'planes, and spotting submarines lurking below the surface, the service these craft perform—starting from and returning to their hangars on board ship—is proving of inestimable usefulness.

THE LATE SULTAN OF EGYPT: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN CAIRO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



PRECEDING THE COFFIN: EGYPTIAN INFANTRY MARCHING WITH ARMS REVERSED.



THE SULTAN'S REMAINS: THE COFFIN DRAPED; WITH THE SULTAN'S "TARBOOSH" ON A PEDESTAL IN FRONT.



IN THE ATABA-EL-KHADRA SQUARE: THE CROWDED HOUSE-TOPS, BALCONIES, AND WINDOWS.



AMONG THOSE FOLLOWING: DEPUTATIONS FROM EGYPTIAN COLLEGES AND INSTITUTIONS.



REPRESENTING DEFENDERS OF EGYPT: BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN MOUNTED TROOPS.

The funeral of the Sultan Hussein Kamel of Egypt, which took place at Cairo on October 10, was extremely impressive. All business was suspended, of course. British and Australian troops, together with Egyptian soldiers and sailors (the British following in rear), accompanied the remains to the tomb in the Rifai Mosque in Cairo Citadel,

where the coffin was placed beside that of the late Sultan's father, the Khedive Ismail. The coffin was borne by Egyptian sailors from the Sultan's yacht, with Egyptian Army officers of all ranks beside them. It was attended by near male relatives of the deceased Sultan. It was draped over with a simple covering, and at the head of the coffin, on a

(Continued opposite.)

THE LATE SULTAN OF EGYPT: THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN CAIRO.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

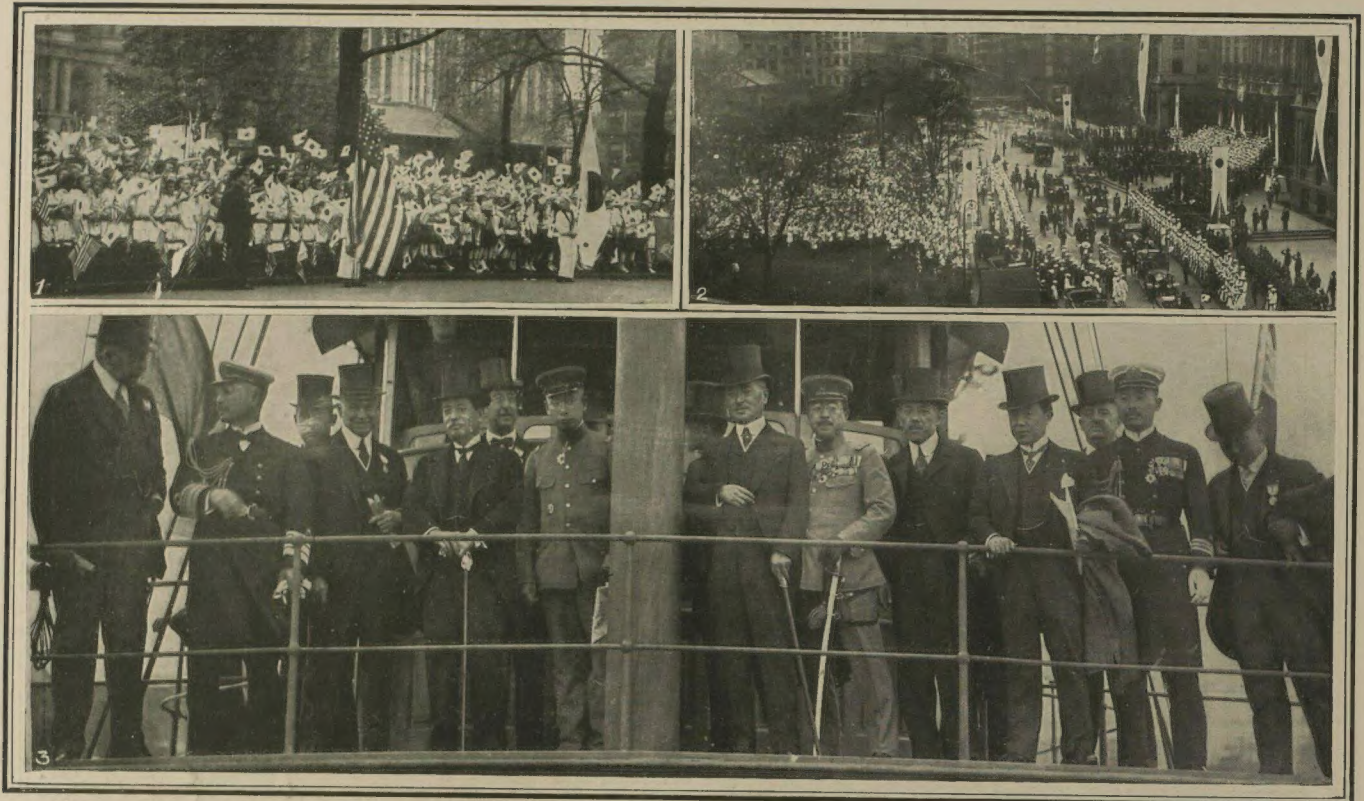


THE DRAPED COFFIN (WITH THE SULTAN'S "TARBOOSH" IN FRONT) BORNE THROUGH THE ATABA-EL-KHADRA :
IN THE THROGGED "TRAFALGAR SQUARE" OF CAIRO.

Continued.
draped pedestal, was placed, in accordance with the Moslem custom, the tarboosh, or fez, of the dead ruler. In the first illustration white uniformed Egyptian infantry, representatives of the Army in general, are seen marching at slow step with arms reversed. The fifth illustration shows mounted detachments of the British and Australian troops in Egypt following the cortège as it crossed the crowded Ataba-el-Khadra, the great square whence the Sharia Mohamed Ali leads to the Citadel. The streets were lined with British

troops, and, as the "Times" correspondent described, "such dense crowds in the streets were never known before." The chief mourners were the new Sultan, Ahmed Fuad; his brother, Prince Mahmoud; and the late Sultan Hussein's son, Kamel-el-Dir. Following them were Sir Reginald Wingate (the British Commissioner in Egypt), the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, British Army and Navy representatives, religious leaders and deputations, pashas, and British and Egyptian officials. The Grand Mufti preceded the coffin.

"We are Neighbours, Friends, and Allies": The Japanese Mission in New York.



(1) THE JAPANESE FLAG WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES: NEW YORK SCHOOL-CHILDREN CHEERING THE JAPANESE MISSION.

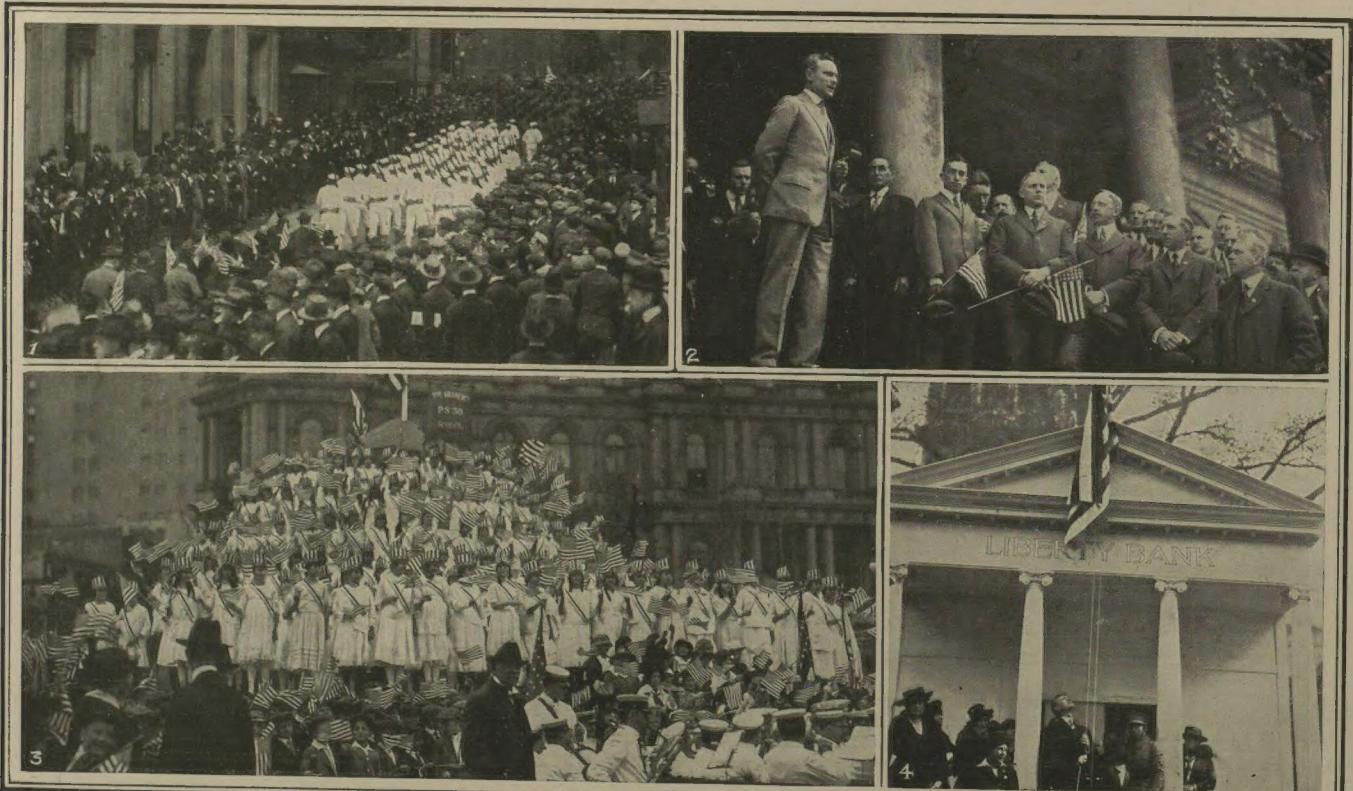
(3) THE JAPANESE MISSION LOOKING AT THE NEW YORK SKY-LINE: VISCOUNT ISHII (TO LEFT OF POLE) AND AMBASSADOR AMIRO SATO (TO RIGHT OF IT) ON BOARD A WAR-SHIP. Viscount Ishii, formerly Foreign Minister of Japan, headed the Imperial Japanese Mission sent to the United States on the occasion of the latter country's entry into the war. Speaking at a great banquet in New York, Viscount Ishii said: "We are neighbours, friends, and allies. The Pacific Ocean is our common highway. . . . We will co-operate,

(2) "OUR DELEGATES HAVE RECEIVED MAGNIFICENT MARKS OF HOSPITALITY AND FRIENDSHIP": THE JAPANESE MISSION LEAVING THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

we will help, and we will hold each of us what is guaranteed under [our] agreement." Referring to the Mission, the Japanese Ambassador in London, Viscount Chinda, said recently: "In the United States our delegates have received at the hands of the Government and the people magnificent marks of hospitality and friendship."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMSON.

The Great U.S. War Loan of £1,000,000,000: "Liberty Day" Demonstrations in New York.



(1) "LIBERTY" LOAN CELEBRATIONS IN NEW YORK: MARCHING THROUGH WALL STREET.

(3) THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S PART IN THE "LIBERTY" LOAN CELEBRATIONS: GIRLS AND BOYS OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

"Liberty Day," in support of the second great American War Loan, was celebrated in New York on October 25. In an appeal to the American public, Mr. McAdoo, Secretary to the Treasury, said: "This is Liberty Day in the United States. . . . Let us make it an ominous day for the German Kaiser. Let us make it the beginning of the end

(2) NEW YORK INAUGURATING THE LOAN CAMPAIGN: MAYOR MITCHELL ADDRESSING "LIBERTY" BOND SALESMEN AT THE CITY HALL.

(4) "LIBERTY BANK": MAYOR MITCHELL HOISTING THE FLAG OVER THE NEW BUILDING. of military despotism and inhuman warfare." The Loan, which closed at midnight on October 27, was a gigantic success, the total sum subscribed being well over the maximum mark of £1,000,000,000, and probably over £1,200,000,000. The New York Federal Reserve District led the nation by exceeding its maximum allotment of £300,000,000.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMSON.

AN AIR-RAID AT THE FRONT: FIGHTING A NIGHT "BIRD."

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

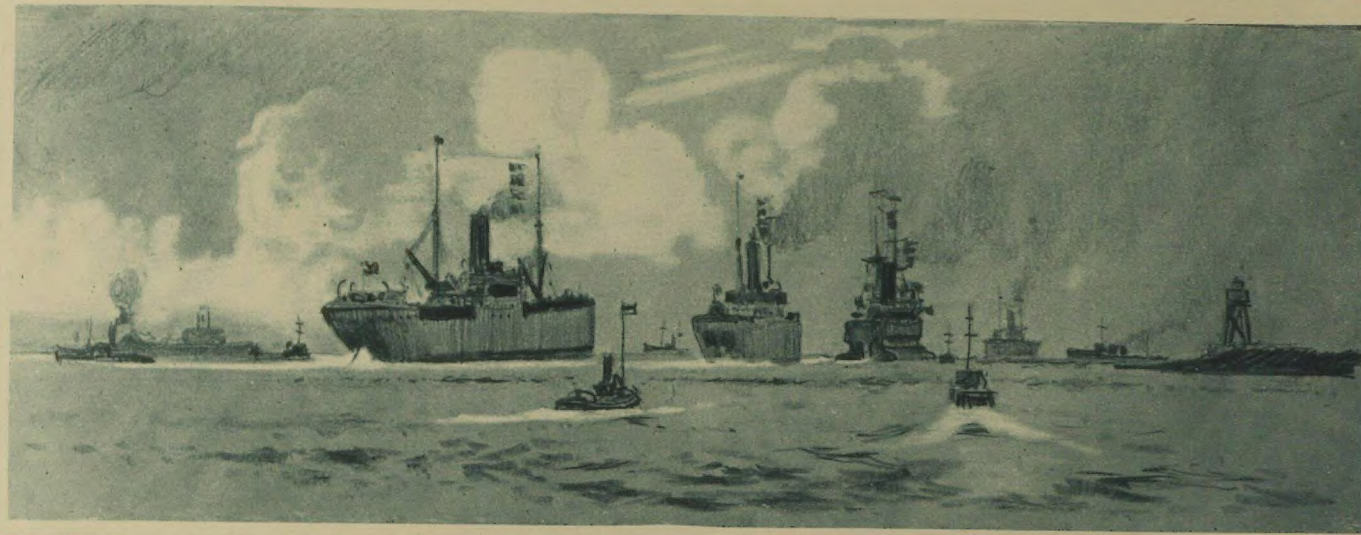


ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A GERMAN AEROPLANE ENFILADING WAGON LINES AT DUSK.

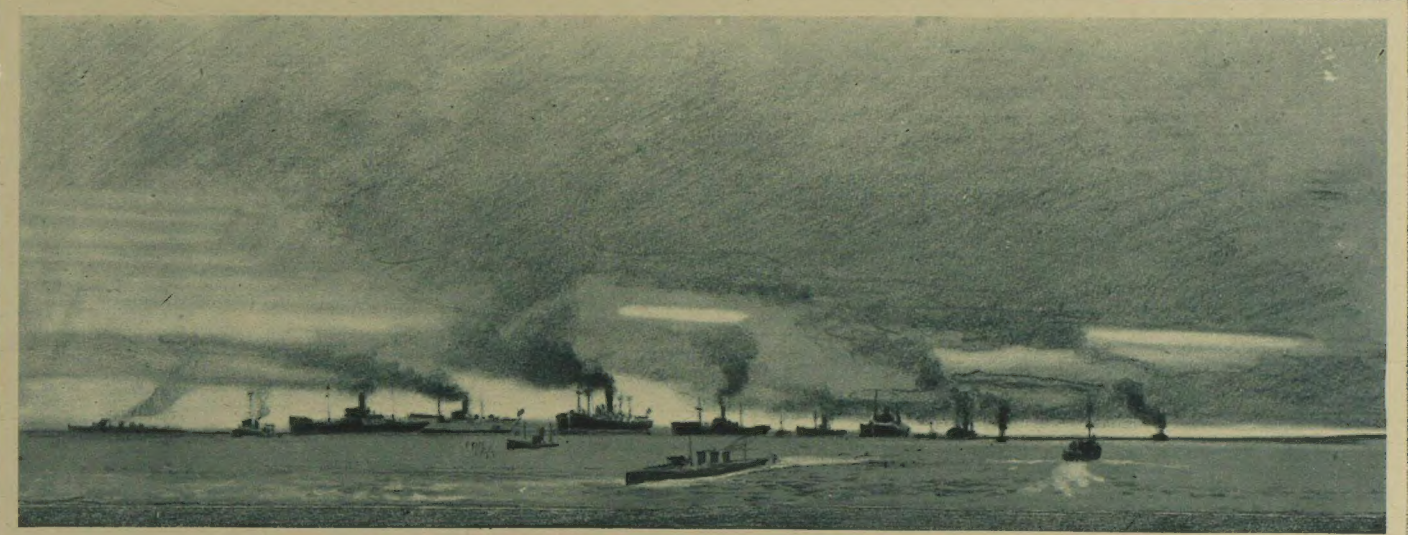
Nocturnal air-raids by German aeroplanes are incidents familiar to our troops on the Western Front. As Mr. Lloyd George pointed out the other day, by way of comparison, no doubt, with London's experience of being under fire, the soldiers have to lie for days in quagmires, "not with a bomb dropped here and another one a mile off, and then the menace vanishing into night, but the daily and nightly deluge of death raining around them, searching for their trench-shelters." This "deluge," of course, includes shells and other missiles, besides bombs from night-wandering aircraft. Describing one

such expedition, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "The air-raiders came out as soon as the moon was revealed and made their way across our lines at many points, searching for our camps and railways and dumps, and dropping bombs at haphazard over small villages of no military importance to them." In our illustration, a German aeroplane engaged on a raiding expedition is seen enfilading some British wagon lines at dusk. No harm, however, was done on this occasion. It is curious, indeed, how little damage often follows elaborate effort.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BRITISH NAVY'S TASK OF PROTECTING MERCHANT SHIPS: A CONVOY WITH ITS NAVAL ESCORT.



MERCHANT SHIPPING UNDER WAR CONDITIONS: STEAMERS PROCEEDING TO TAKE THEIR PLACES IN A CONVOY.



A TRYING TIME FOR MERCHANT-SHIPS: AFTER THE LONG NIGHT—A CONVOY AT SEA WITH ITS NAVAL ESCORT.



THE BRITISH NAVY'S WORK OF ESCORTING MERCHANTMEN: A GENERAL VIEW OF A CONVOY DURING A VOYAGE.



THE NAVY AS "POSTMAN": A CRAFT FLYING THE WHITE ENSIGN DELIVERING DESPATCHES TO A VESSEL IN A CONVOY.

The conveying of merchant-ships is only one part of the immense task of the British Navy. It has come into special prominence lately owing to the recent German raid on a convoy in the North Sea. In the Admiralty's announcement it was stated: "Two very fast and heavily armed German raiders attacked a convoy in the North Sea about midway between the Shetland Islands and the Norwegian coast, on October 17. Two British destroyers, H.M. ships 'Mary Rose' (Lieut.-Commander Charles L. Fox) and 'Strongbow' (Lieut.-Commander Edward Brooke), which formed the anti-submarine escort, at once engaged the enemy vessels and fought until sunk after a short and unequal engagement. Their gallant

action held the German raiders sufficiently long to enable three of the merchant-vessels to effect their escape. It is regretted, however, that five Norwegian, one Danish, and three Swedish vessels—all unarmed—were thereafter sunk by gun-fire without examination or warning of any kind, and regardless of the lives of their crews and passengers. . . . The German Navy by this act has once more and further degraded itself by this disregard of the historic chivalry of the sea. . . . The enemy raiders succeeded in evading the British watching squadrons on the long dark nights, both in their hurried outward dash and homeward flight." The amount of successful conveying is tremendous.

A SUPER-ZEPPELIN THAT RAIDED ENGLAND CAPTURED INTACT

THE FIRST AND THIRD PHOTOGRAPH

IN FRANCE: THE "L 49"—ALL HER MECHANISM REVEALED.

FRENCH OFFICIAL: THE REST BY ALPIERI.

THE L.49

UPPER VERTICAL STABILISING FIN
QUADRANT ROUND WHICH RUDDER-CONTROL CABLE PASSES
PORT ELEVATING PLANE
PIVOT ON WHICH ELEVATOR WORKS
PORT STABILISING FIN
TOP RUDDER
GERMAN NAVAL PENNANT
POINTED TAIL
LOWER RUDDER
SKIN TO PORTLAND RUBBER PAINT APPLIED
LOWER VERTICAL STABILISING FIN



ONE OF THE PETROL TANKS



A BLANKET OR RUG, BELONGING TO A MEMBER OF THE CREW



SHOWING THE TOP OF THE ZEPPELIN (RAISED); INTER-SECTION CHASSIS AND AN "EGG"

THE MIDSHIPS POWER-PLANT

AUXILIARY SUSPENSORY CABLES
MAIN DRIFT-CABLE
LADDER TO CENTRAL GANGWAY, OR "CAT-WALK"
HANDRAILS
RADIATOR
WINDOWS
SILENCER
PORT AIR-SCREW
MAIN SUPPORT OF "EGG"
PORT ENGINE-HOUSING, OR "POWER-EGG"
STAYS SUPPORTING "EGG"
STARBOARD AIR-SCREW
CRANK CASE VENTILATOR, OR "BREATHER"
MAIN ENGINE-HOUSING, OR "POWER-EGG"
PORT ENGINE-HOUSING, OR "POWER-EGG"



IN THE NAVIGATING CABIN

SHOWING HER "POWER-EGGS," NAVIGATING CABIN, AND OTHER DETAILS OF HER CONSTRUCTION

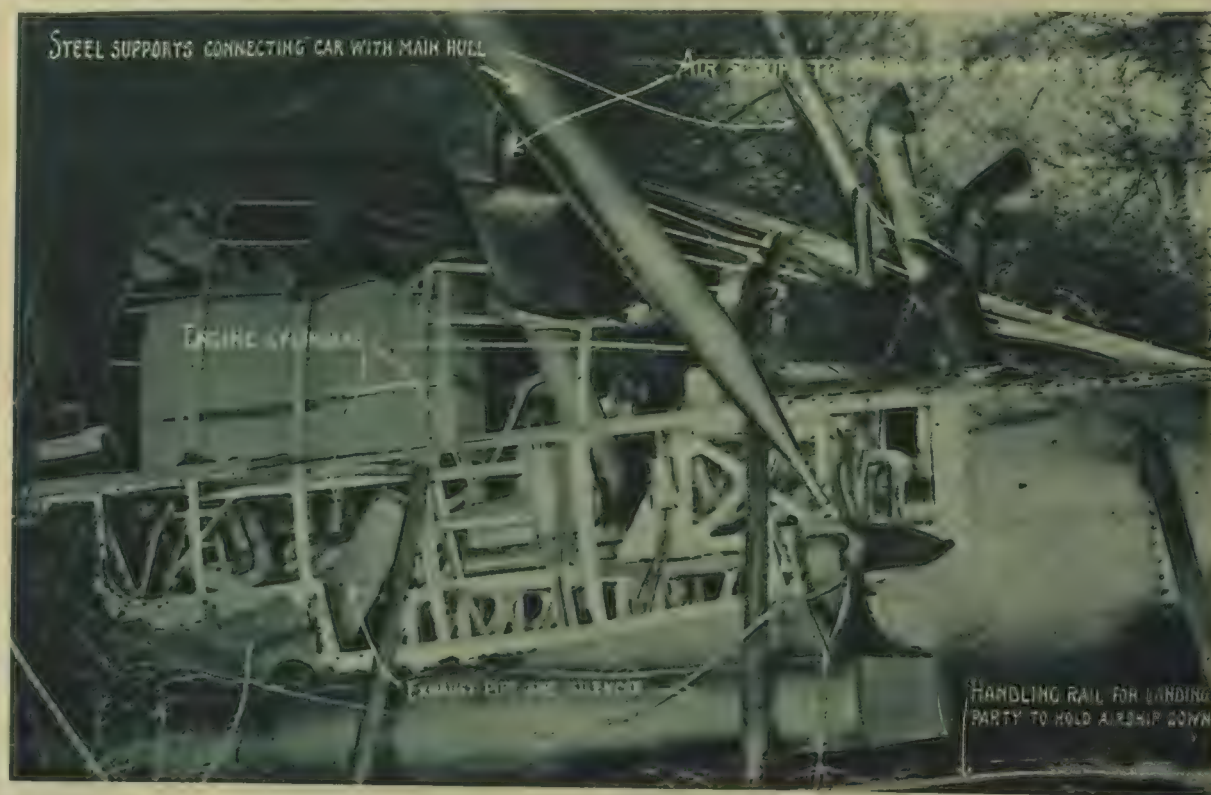
ZEPPELIN "L 49," AFTER BEING COMPELLED TO DESCEND NEAR BOURBONNE-LES-BAINS.

Since we illustrated, in our issue of October 27, Zeppelin "L 49," after it was brought down, practically intact, near Bourbonne-les-Bains, on its return flight from raiding England on the night of October 19-20, more precise details of the airship's construction have been published. These state that the "L 49" was one of the latest type of super-Zeppelins, about 640 ft. long, with a cubic capacity of about 1,050,000 cubic feet. They are being built, it is said, at the rate of two a month. With all five motors working together, these Zeppelins can attain a speed of 68 miles an hour, but usually the engines are not all used at once, and the normal speed ranges from 50 to 56 miles per hour. The motors are of the Maybach type, each being of 240 horse-power. During raids, the crew numbers 18; at ordinary times, 22. The framework contains from 10 to 12 tons of aluminium. Inside the

envelope are 18 balloons made of cotton substance, lined with goldbeater's skin instead of rubber. For every Zeppelin this lining requires the intestines of 30,000 cattle. The disaster to the Zeppelins brought down in France is ascribed partly to fog and change of wind, partly to the wireless apparatus breaking down through the extreme cold at the great height (sometimes 22,000 ft.) at which they were compelled to fly. The "L 49" was forced to land by five French aeroplanes of the 152nd ("Crocodile") Squadron, under Lieut. Lafargue. It descended, got entangled in trees, and fell across the little River Apance. A French sportsman out shooting, named Boiteux, prevented the commander from destroying it, and it was captured practically intact. General Castelnau, Admiral Lacaze, and M. Dumesnil (Under-Secretary for Aeronautics) came to examine it, and crowds of sightseers flocked to the spot.

WITH ITS "POWER-EGGS," SILENCERS, AND BOMB-TRAPS: CAPTURED "L 49."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL



SHOWING THE SILENCER, AIR-SCOOPS, AND EXHAUST-PIPE: ONE OF THE ENGINES OF ZEPPELIN "L 49," BROUGHT DOWN IN FRANCE AFTER RAIDING ENGLAND.



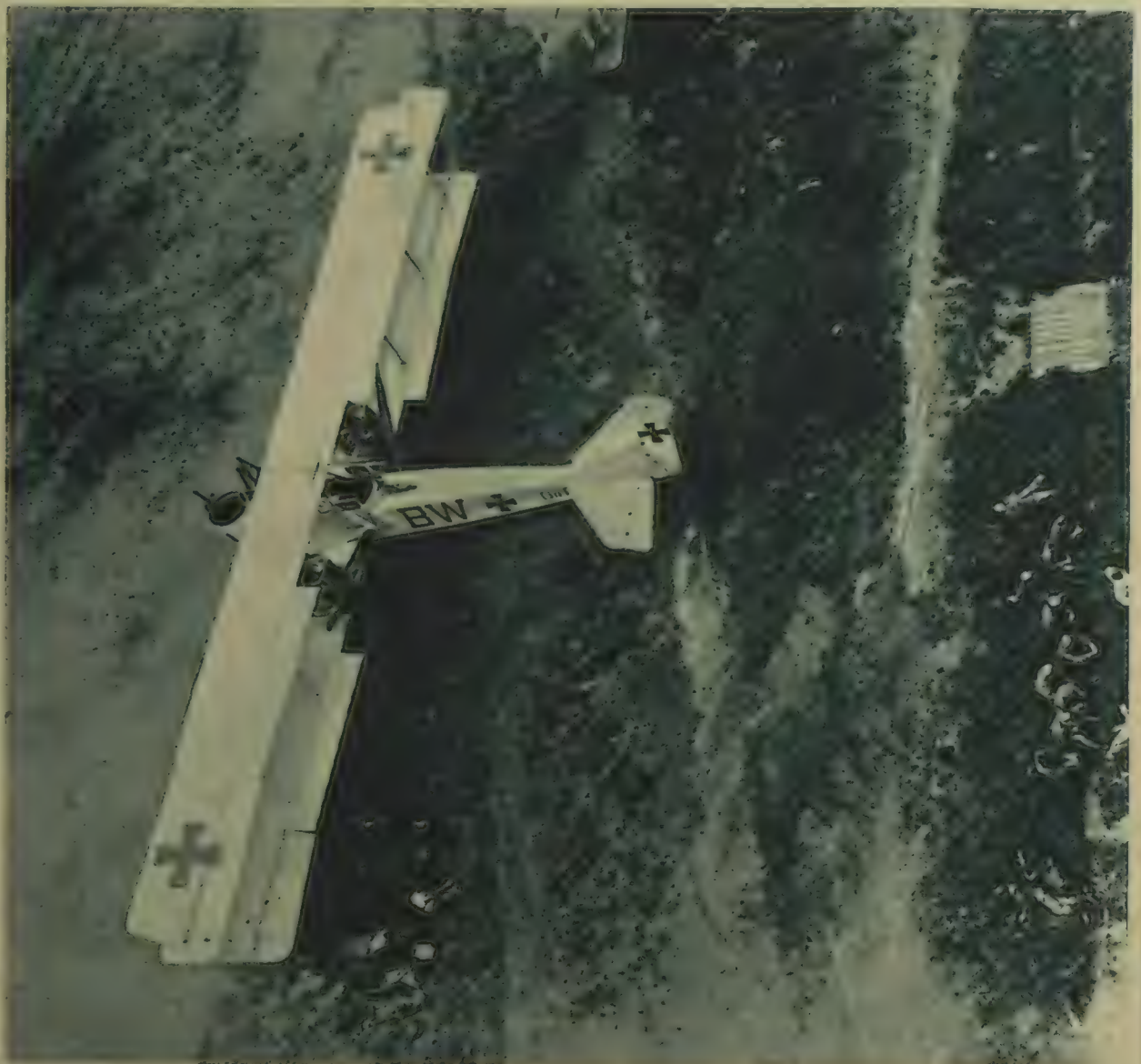
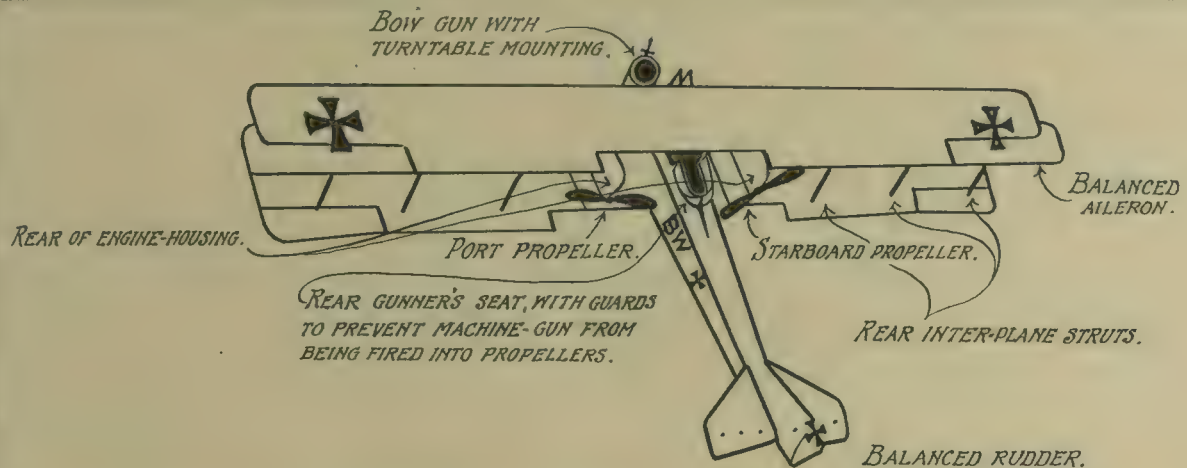
POINTS OF "L 49": (LEFT) TWO "POWER-EGGS," WITH SILENCER AND BOMB-TRAP; (RIGHT) THE MAIN GANGWAY WITH PETROL-TANKS.

On a double-page in this number we give further photographs of the Zeppelin "L 49" after being brought down near Bourbonne-les-Bains on October 20, practically intact. She was thoroughly overhauled by French aeronautical experts, one of whom, as quoted by the "Chronicle," said: "A passage within the envelope contains the ballast, petrol-tanks, and several beds. . . . The vessel can normally make 55 or 60 miles an hour. . . .

The 'L 49' . . . had two machine-guns, but no upper platform. It carried 18 men and 2 tons of bombs. It had reached a height of 7000 metres (4½ miles) over London, and had then encountered not only a strong north wind, but a temperature falling as low as 33 deg. below zero Centigrade. The men had frozen hands, and became half-stupefied with the cold. The water ballast froze."

AN ENEMY RAIDER FOR DAYLIGHT OR MOONLIGHT: A "GOTHA."

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "THE AEROPLANE."



LOOKING DOWN ON A GOTHA RESTING ON THE GROUND: A TWIN-ENGINED ENEMY AEROPLANE;
AND A DIAGRAM SHOWING DETAILS.

A German "Gotha" aeroplane is viewed here as photographed from an aeroplane flying above it, and, incidentally, as a British airman would see it after getting top-dog position over it. The diagram indicates structural points, showing the relative positions of and naming leading details in the general arrangement. As is known, Gothas are of exceptional wing span—measuring upwards of a hundred feet across from one wing, or

aileron, tip to the other. They are double-engine and powerfully driven, capable of prolonged flights and cruising for a period over distant objectives, for dropping the extra load of heavy bombs they take. Each has a pilot and two gunners, with three guns. One gun is pivoted in a cock-pit forward; and one aft, behind the pilot's seat. The third, under the rear-gunner's cock-pit, fires along a half tunnel-shaped groove.

FOLLOWING THE BARRAGE AT DAWN: AN IMPRESSION OF AN EARLY MORNING ADVANCE BY BRITISH TROOPS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



LIKE A SCENE FROM DANTE'S "INFERNO": BRITISH TROOPS ADVANCING BEHIND A HEAVY BARRAGE FIRE OF OUR ARTILLERY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Most of the great advances by the British troops on the Western Front have begun at dawn, the men following up close behind a heavy barrage-fire put up by their own guns to protect them and clear the way. The scene on such occasions is weird and terrific, like a vision from Dante's "Inferno." Our illustration conveys the impression of an eye-witness, to show what an attack in the early hours of the morning looks like to those taking part in it. With this pictorial view may be compared one of the vivid pre-pictures of a similar event by Mr. Philip Gibbs. "To me," he writes, "these blows through the mud seem the most daring endeavours ever made by great bodies of men. . . . Given a good barrage, and they are ready to attack the enemy's 'pill-boxes' now that we have broken the first evil spell of them. . . . I know the state of the ground, for I went over its crater land this morning to look at this flame of fire below the Passchendaele spur. . . . Our guns

were firing everywhere through the mist, and thrust sharp little swords of flame through its darkness, and all the battlefield followed with the noise of these guns. . . . Before me, stretching away round the Houthuist Forest, big and dark and grim, was the Passchendaele Ridge, the long hummocky slopes for which our men were fighting, and our barrage-fire crept up to it, and infernal shell-fire rising in white columns was on the top of it, hiding the broken houses there until later in the morning, when the rain ceased a little. . . . and out of the wet gloom Passchendaele appeared with its houses still standing, though all in ruins. . . . It was at the side of a 'pill-box,' famous in the recent fighting, that I watched the progress of our barrage up the slopes of Passchendaele, and it was only by that fire, and by the answering fire of the German guns, with blacker shell-bursts, that one could tell the progress of our men."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF Papyrus ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PERIL OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

WHEN the "All-Highest" sent his armies forth on their career of rapine and ruthlessness, he adjured them to fashion their conduct on that of the Huns under Attila. In this, probably, he imagined that he was merely suggesting a desirable model which the noble "Teuton" might well follow. As a matter of fact, he was but advising them to emulate their ancestors—or, at any rate, their near relations—for the Huns were a race of that broad-headed Alpine stock which began to swarm out of Asia into Europe two thousand years or so before Christ. Here they encountered, first, the tall, long-headed, blond, blue-eyed "Nordic" race; and later the smaller, darker, but also "long-headed" "Mediterranean" race; these two were the rightful owners of the soil.

This struggle between the round and the long heads has been going on ever since. This fact is by no means generally realised; but it is a fact, and one which must give cause for real uneasiness among us. Briefly, it means that the "long-heads" are in grave danger of being swamped by the "round-heads." It means for us that the Anglo-Saxon is threatened with extinction, but rather by "peaceful penetration" than by the sword.

Anthropologists have long realised all this, and the interpretation thereof. But to prescribe a remedy is another matter. In a word, the reign of industrialism which dominates us, and which seems inseparable from civilisation, favours the round-head. This does not mean that he is the fountain of our civilisation—far from it, though it was to him that we owe the use of metals—but that he thrives best in cities, which are indispensable to civilisation. He is more prolific, and stands close confinement better.

Cities play a double part. They are at one and the same time the sources of our culture and the destroyers of our manhood. Science, literature, and art have their temples here; and here also is housed the machinery for the production of wealth, without which such temples must fall into ruin.

Life in large cities is of necessity a strenuous one, but it offers many allurements to the more mentally

active members of the community, who are thus tempted to leave the rural for the urban districts. In this new environment a rigorous process of selection goes on, and the chances of survival are greater for the round than the long heads. But the latter furnish the brains, the former the means, for the attainment of the increasing stringency of the demands which our civilisation imposes upon us.

Thus it is that we in Europe are being slowly undermined. And the same is true of North America. The early founders of the United States

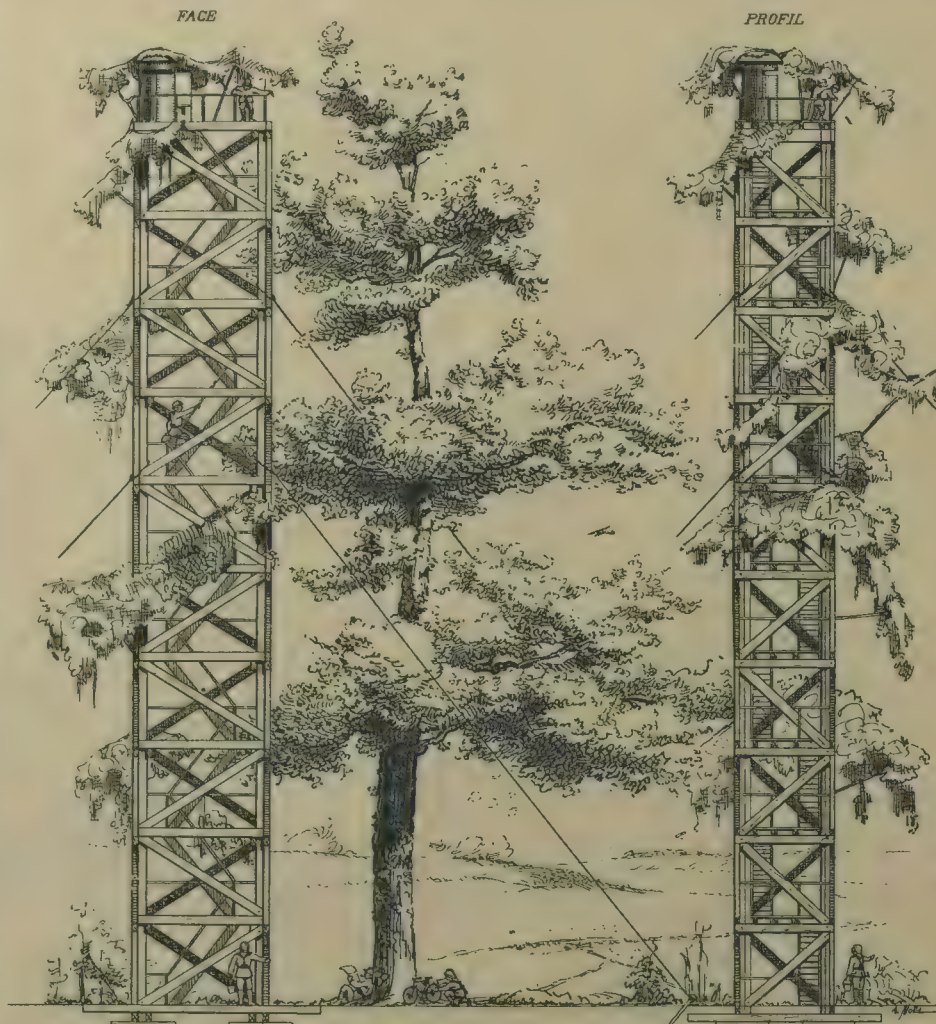
the "Nordic" race is within a measurable distance of extinction.

As Professor Keith remarks, it must be admitted that there is a danger of the fair heritage gained by the enterprise and courage of the Nordic pioneer—a heritage in which the best traditions of the Anglo-Saxon life were established—passing to a type of man that the early colonists would not have shed a drop of their blood to save. And this state of affairs is due to the dull imaginations of those

responsible for the immigration laws. Let us take warning. London to-day harbours thousands of these people, and after the war our doors will be thrown open to thousands more. Surely it is time that we realised that hospitality begins at home. Pretty platitudes are dangerous when they become translated into practical politics. The stranger within our gates is beginning to drive us out of our own citadels. If we are to preserve ourselves, and our children, from annihilation we must henceforth sternly refuse to receive any further instalments of alien peoples; and those, or many thousands of those, now occupying the East End of London should be provided with a free passage to their native land as soon after the war as possible. Let there be no mistake; if we do not, we invite our own doom.

Unfortunately, it is still the custom, in scientific works, to refer to the men of the Nordic race as "Teutonic." This custom must go, for the term in everyday speech is taken to mean German. Since the Nordic type inhabiting Germany to-day forms less than a sixth of the population of that Empire, the term "Teutonic," if it is to have any meaning, must be applied to the round-headed, fair-haired, non-Nordic, prevalent, and predominant German racial type. The Germany of to-day, with its appalling notions of "Kultur," should appeal to us as an awful warning. Having practically lost her heaven of Nordic blood, she has fallen into depths of depravity hitherto undreamed of. The dominance, however, of the round-heads will not alone account for her hideous orgies of "Frightfulness," but that is another story.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



INGENUOUSLY "CAMOUFLAGED," AND EASILY TRANSPORTABLE: A FRENCH ARTILLERY OBSERVATION-POST IN FLANDERS—FRONT AND SIDE VIEW.

Describing the French Army's methodical preparations for their share in the Flanders offensive, "L'Illustration" says: "Two artillery observation-posts, one about 88 ft. high and the other about 78 ft., were fixed at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles behind our lines. An ingenious "camouflage" screened them entirely from the enemy's view. The type adopted was constructed of joists and planks, fastened with bolts. Each section is easily transportable, and can be adjusted without any special means of lifting. These towers can be readily taken to pieces. Their dimensions are about 11 ft. by 8 ft., and on the top platform can be placed distance-measuring instruments of precision. Steel-wire shrouds are attached at the four angles, at varying heights from the ground, to prevent all vibration.

were Anglo-Saxons in the most limited sense of that term; but in recent years millions of the competing dark-haired round-heads, largely representing the sweepings of gaols and asylums, have crowded into the manufacturing centres there. Mr. Madison Grant, in a recently published and very fascinating book, goes into this menace very thoroughly, in so far as the United States are concerned; and he has come to the conclusion that

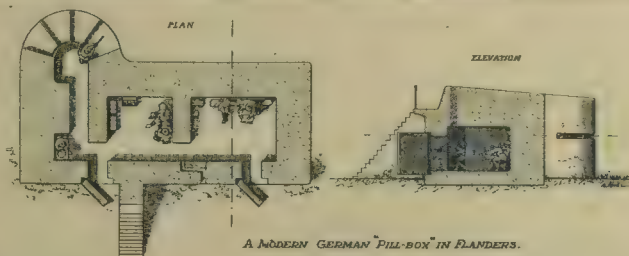
racial type. The Germany of to-day, with its appalling notions of "Kultur," should appeal to us as an awful warning. Having practically lost her heaven of Nordic blood, she has fallen into depths of depravity hitherto undreamed of. The dominance, however, of the round-heads will not alone account for her hideous orgies of "Frightfulness," but that is another story.

THE GERMAN USE OF CONCRETE FOR DEFENCE-WORKS: "PILL-BOXES."



SHOWING THE FIRING-PLATFORM ON THE ROOF FOR INFANTRYMEN: A REAR VIEW OF A GERMAN "PILL-BOX" CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH.

THE "pill-box" shown in the upper illustration is thus described in a French account: "One modern blockhouse was captured by our infantry in the Governor's Trench. A firing platform for infantrymen was placed on the upper slab above the two entrances."



A MODERN GERMAN "PILL-BOX" IN FLANDERS.

SOME German blockhouses are built with chambers opening out into very thick concrete on the side of the Allies' advance. This side is banked up with soil so as to present no target to our guns, while the back, which is built sheer, is loop-holed for machine-guns.



LOOPHOLED FOR MACHINE-GUNS: THE THICK END OF A GERMAN CONCRETE "PILL-BOX," FACING IN THE DIRECTION OF A HOSTILE ADVANCE.

Both the French and British troops have had to deal, in recent fighting, with numerous German "pill-boxes." Our illustrations show specimens of those captured by the French in Flanders. Describing the enemy's attempt to stop the Allied advance by this means, Mr. Perry Robinson writes: "Finally, he evolved the latest triumph of the Imperial General Staff—namely, the defence in depth, without fixed lines of front trenches, but an endless series of concrete 'pill-boxes,' Mebus, redoubts, blockhouses, fortresses, or call them what you will, scientifically disposed tier behind tier over illimitable stretches

of country. First at Messines, and then in the battle of July 31, we showed that this barrier was no more formidable than others, but most conspicuously in these last three attacks, we have shattered his defences to fragments. . . . Instead of being a terror to them, our men are coming to speak of the 'pill-boxes' with playful contempt. . . . One frequently hears them spoken of as 'Boche-traps.' Very early in 'pill-box' warfare we learned, first, that our heavier shells would break them; and secondly, that when the shell did not break them, it often killed by concussion the men inside."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEER, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FAY, SARONY, SPRAIGHT, LANGFIER, BROOKE HUGHES, BASSANO, AND C. VANDYK.



CAPT. HASSELL D. FIELD,
R.A.M.C. Son of Mrs. E. Lucelles
Field, Norbury. Qualified at St.
Thomas's Hospital.



FLT.-SUB-LIEUT. GEOFFREY
G. BOWMAN,
R.N.A.S. Son of Mr. W. P.
Bowman, of Leeds.



2ND LT. BERNARD W. A. JAMES,
London Irish Rifles. Son of Mr.
Bernard James, Hendon. Killed in
action.



2ND LIEUT. MONTAGU W.
MARKHAM,
Scots Guards. Son of Lieut.-Gen.
Sir Edwin and Lady Markham.



LIEUT. FREDERICK G. SCOTT,
Canadian Forces Artillery. Son of
Mrs. F. W. Scott, Toronto, Canada.
Killed in action.



MAJOR CONRAD HUGH
DINWIDDY,
R.G.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs
Dinwiddy, The Manor House,
Blackheath.



MAJOR T. SOMERVILLE
BEAUMONT,
Manchester Regt. Son of
Major and Mrs. J. W.
Beaumont, Wilmslow.



MAJOR HON. HENRY
CECIL VANE,
R.F.A. Eldest son of Lord
Barnard. Was A.D.C. to
Governor of Madras, 1903-7.



LIEUT. COLONEL
ROBERT WHITE-
HEAD HAMMOND,
R. Fusiliers. Hus-
band of Mrs. Made-
line Hammond, South
House, Oxford. Killed
in action.



LIEUT. COLONEL
N. M. TEACHER,
D.S.O.,
R. Scots Fusiliers.
Son of late Mr.
Donald Macdonald
Teacher, and of Mrs.
Stiles, Edinburgh.



MAJOR THOMAS STEWART, M.C.,
Royal Scots. Son of Mrs. Stewart, West
Maitland Street, Edinburgh. Killed in
action.



LIEUT. COL. CYRIL BENTON JOHNSON,
Sherwood Foresters. Son of Mr. C. F. Johnson,
Clerk to the Stockport Board of Guardians. Killed in
action.



MAJOR F. C. DINAN,
Essex Regt. Son of Mr. John Dinan,
J.P., Knockeven, Rushbrooke, Co. Cork.
Killed in action.



CAPT. CECIL H. J. GRIFFIN,
R.F.C. Son of Lieut.-Col. C. P. G.
Griffin, and Mrs. Griffin, of Berillon
Hall, Bradworthy, Devon.



LIEUT. ERIC MACINTOSH,
Hertfordshire Regt. (Territorials).
Officially reported as killed in
action in July 1917. Aged 20.



CAPT. W. V. TREVOR ROOPER,
Yeomanry (attd. R.F.C.). Son of
Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Rooper, Poppy's
Corner, Redhill. Aged 20.



2ND LIEUT. THE HON. DENIS
BUXTON,
Coldstream Guards. Son of
Viscount Buxton.



LIEUT.-COMM. C. L. FOX,
R.N. Is officially announced to have
been killed on board H.M.S. "Mary
Rose."

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Kidney
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Celery Cream
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NEW NOVELS.

"Love and Hatred."

The stark title chosen by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes for her new romance of crime is significant of much. Murder, as she reminded us in another story, is the one emergency unprovided for by civilisation. The social scheme does not recognise its existence. Yet love and hatred, the greatest as well as the most common of human emotions, can, and do, produce murder. In such a crime as that described in "Love and Hatred" (Chapman and Hall), it is less the actual perpetration of the deed that matters than the complex and terrible mental processes that bring it about. What force could conceivably be strong enough to provoke a man of clear brain, of great wealth, and decent upbringing to lay a death-trap for his lifelong neighbour? There you have it—and Mrs. Lowndes' answer. Love or hatred. Either is enough. Together, as in the case she presents, they admit of no escape for the subject of their obsession. There follows, inevitably, the rush of events towards the murder of one character and the destruction of another. The love of women commands the love of certain men. The love of men works, like a magic potion, in the lives of certain women. The man may be honourable and finely bred, but the woman disorders his conscience. The woman may be trivial and ease-loving, but her passion will drive her into staking all she has on the mean hazard of an anonymous letter. These are the figures of the dance in "Love and Hatred," as thrilling and skillful a piece of work as even clever Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, so vital in her literary touch, has so far given us.

"Christine." In the form of letters from a young daughter, Mrs. Alice Cholmondeley has conjured up a remarkably lifelike picture of Berlin in the early summer of 1914. Strange to think how few English eyes have seen it since, or are likely ever to see it again! Here are the pre-war Berliners, slaving with greed at the coming spoliation of Europe at the hands of the Prussian—the accomplices, or at best the eager and willing dupes, of the criminals who were about to commit the greatest crime in the world's history. The German—the 1914 German—is slowly realised by an English girl who

had arrived in the Prussian capital prepared for the Germany of tradition. It did not take her long to discover the brutal bad manners of the Berlin crowd and the Berlin policeman; but it was not immediately that she woke to the significance of the envy, the malice, and the emotional excess of the people by whom she was surrounded. The letters of Christine speak of the quivering expectancy that thrilled the Prussians in that memorable summer, the quiver

"Under the Hermès."

It is quite evident that Richard Dehan enjoys juggling with the improbable and the grotesque. The short stories in "Under the Hermès" (Heinemann) are all extravagant. High spirits, and perhaps the intoxication of paper and ink, have gone to their making. They are not even approximately true to life, and they are no more rigidly grammatical than they are meticulously realistic. The general effect is of a good-natured giant playing bowls with the conventions of fiction. It is all very jolly, but rather stunning to the passive reader, and we must confess to a prejudice in favour of quieter and more accurate workmanship. "The Mortality of the Divine Emilie" is one of the best of the stories, but it takes some stolidity to be able to follow Richard Dehan in this adventure of M. de Voltaire, beginning in "the year of especial grace, 1794."

"Ninety-Six Hours' Leave."

Not all young men who run over from France on four days' leave taste the joys of a frolic as mad and mysterious as Kit Markham's; but, then, rare is such a quartette as he and his friends Fenwick, Osborne, and the naval Armitage. "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave" (Methuen) is brimming over with the high spirits more commonly associated with days before the war, when persons in search of diversion picked up Piccadilly or masqueraded as Princes of Abyssinia. And here we return to Mr. Markham, who did in fact masquerade as a Prince—not as an elaborate practical joke, but on the spur of the moment, to excuse

his appearance in the Semiramis Hotel lounge at dinner time in morning clothes. The bluff was unexpectedly successful, but much easier to put up than to explain away; and the merry leave-mongers were left to explain it, ruefully, to a real Prince at the close of many vicissitudes. As it happened, the impersonation of Kit saved Prince Cristoforo's life—and it need hardly, perhaps, be added that it brought him the devotion of the loveliest girl in the world. It will be seen that Mr. Stephen McKenna is having a holiday from realism and the high political novel. Light stuff is very welcome just now, and we see no reason to doubt that "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave" will be received with open arms. Mr. McKenna has evidently a *flair* for the sort of thing everybody wants.



WITH THE UNITED STATES' TROOPS IN FRANCE: AT A WATERING-PLACE.—[French Official Photograph.]

of the beast about to spring, assured of its prey. The reviewer recalls a letter received from Germany at the outbreak of war—a private letter from a German woman. (Incidentally, the knife that severed a long friendship.) "Now begins for us," it ran, "the greatest and most glorious time. Ah, the poor France! It is to be regretted that she must suffer; but the destiny of Germany to world-power nothing can be allowed to hinder." Christine saw more of the barbarian than most English people who have lived in and once loved Germany. She died by his hand. "Christine" (Macmillan) is a touching record of genius broken and trampled on by the brute, as well as a profoundly interesting psychological study of the German tribes on the warpath.



Reproduced from the book "Eclipse and O'Kelly."

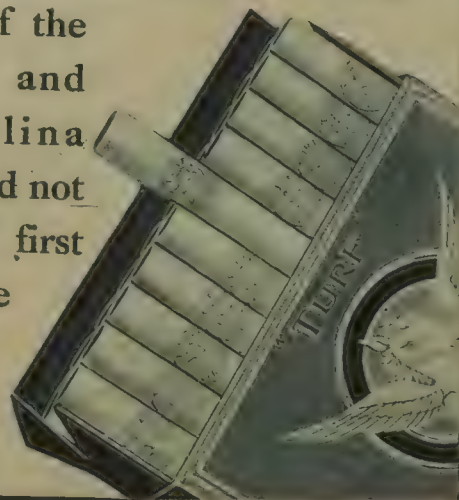
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Wolsey keeps the body warmth equable throughout every extreme of heat and cold. Here is the secret of the value of pure wool—and Wolsey is pure wool. Scarcity of wool and enormous Government requirements make it difficult to meet the still growing demand for Wolsey. We are doing our best, however, to meet every civilian need. But patriotism insists that the wants of our fighting men must come first. To that you will agree.

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LADIES' PAGE.

IT seems that, if we are all to be rationed presently in regard to bread, the official mind is going to put the women whom it pleases to call "unoccupied" on lower diet than the "occupied." There is no more absurd fallacy than this one, which the census time after time reproduces—to wit, that wives and mothers are "unoccupied," because they work without wages. It is a striking illustration of the fact that a service or article is valued in proportion to what is paid for it, and that the best service and most essential requisite that cost nothing are regarded as being worth nothing. The work of the mother of a family and mistress of a household, especially when there are two or three small children, is of the most arduous and tiresome and nerve-racking character. Now, mind you, I can "speak of what I do know" about this matter, as, perhaps, not many women can; for I have always managed to do the work of a man and a woman too, but at what a cost will never be known to anybody but myself! My diary of the busiest time of my life records again and again the entire day spent on housewifery occupations—on duties of which servants ought to have relieved me, but that I never found properly done unless I supervised them—and a dozen other tasks that are day by day incumbent on a lady: buying everything required for the house and the children and the table; arranging three meals a day; entertaining my own and my husband's friends; talking to my children, overseeing their comfort, taking them out, now to the swimming-bath, now to the dentist, now to be fitted by the dressmaker, now to see their grandparents—all duties that I could not satisfactorily delegate; and then the day's record will often conclude in this way: "After nine o'clock, wrote fifty-seven pages of MS." Now the pleasant, as well as personally profitable, part of the day's task was the last; the rest was merely what the census calls being "unoccupied"! Yet how inevitable was every detail for the health and happiness of my family! And many women do more than I did in the house—the middle-class mothers generally do actual labour—they dust, cook, and sew. When there are babies the mothers are busy about them for hours of every day—for nurse-girls must be constantly overlooked and helped. Yet the wives and mothers all are "unoccupied" according to the census and the official mind; and they are to be exceptionally underfed, now, as well as steadily insulted and scolded for doing "no work of national importance." It is monstrously unfair, and untrue.

Many mothers of modest means—say, up to £700 a year—make a good deal of their children's everyday clothing with their own hands. The task is more than ever incumbent now, for it often consists of either using up remnants of good materials bought at far less cost than would be incurred by walking into a shop and purchasing what pleased the fancy most, or else making over the

best parts of a worn dress to fit a smaller figure. Wool is just at present so expensive that such troublesome shifts (for no mother likes doing all this sort of thing, and would far rather just spend freely) are more than ever indicated. Nothing can replace wool in our damp and uncertain climate, and a sensible woman will bear this in mind, and



A COUPLE OF ORIGINAL AND BECOMING WINTER COATS. The left-hand coat strikes a bright note of colour in brick gabardine, embroidered in a darker tone. The second model is made of gun-grey Veline cloth, with thick piping of the same material.

not suppose that any other fabric really answers the same end. An old frock of wool is better than a new one of less protective material, and Mamma's last winter gown will probably provide material woven out of genuine wool which will be more beneficial as a nursery frock than any moderately cheap material fresh from the shops. But there—already hundreds of thousands of mothers are "unoccupied" in such minor gritty economies!

Belts and sashes introduce colour into plain material designs. They never constrict the waist, or even closely indicate its line, but just draw in the loose garment a little above the hips to the form. A small quantity of bright trimming suffices. An effective decoration is bead-work in tiny multi-coloured beads. Another favourite trimming is coarse wool embroidery. This may be merely in the form of long running stitches held down at intervals by a cross stitch in another colour, or a regular pattern may be transferred and worked. The running stitches are very easily done, and are really quite effective. A simple design is worked in wool, too; say a daisy or a sunflower in natural colours, with stems and leaves in a neutral tint. The wool used is coarse, the stitches are simple over-sewing; it is always rather rough, easy work, very quickly executed, a true war-time decoration and yet most fashionable. The loose "jumper" blouses are so adorned round the hem, and the belted ones have the bright touch on the waistband—or perhaps it will appear in the form of a strip let in on the bodice above the waistband. At the cut-down line of the neck the work is usually repeated.

A pretty style is the "tabard" front and back—that is, a flat straight piece of a different material from the skirt and the under-corsage hangs loosely down over both the front and back of the figure, and this is usually of some fancy stuff; while the under-arm pieces are of a plain fabric, but laid in pleats. Such absolutely loose blouses generally accompany a pleated skirt, for a loose straight blouse does not harmonise so well with a perfectly plain skirt as with one that is rendered rather full by pleats. It is possible to have the back of the blouse quite loose, and a belt appearing only from the hips, holding the front in to the waist lightly; or a belt may pass all round the figure, but at intervals be hidden, let in under the blouse, reappearing through a slit cut and button-holed round; or, again, a loose belt may be held in here and there by straps lightly caught down over it. In every case, the main point to remember is to retain a loose, easy-looking silhouette. The cold weather is not to prevent the use of transparent fabrics, especially for sleeves; chiffon, georgette, etc., are mixed with velvet, silk or cloth of a fine surface. Fur in narrow bands is a fashionable trimming with such fragile fabrics; it is very effective, and a line that is at once contrasting in colour and rich in surface-lights is thus introduced.

FILOMENA.

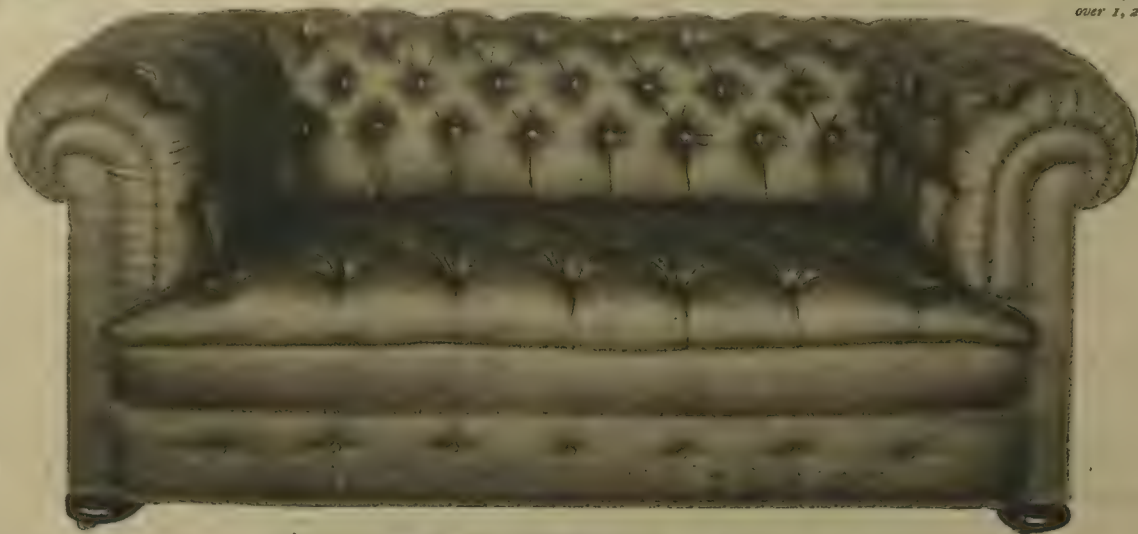
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163 & 165

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THE LIFE OF SIR CHARLES DILKE.

"THE Life of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke," by Stephen Gwynn and Gertrude M. Tuckwell (John Murray), is secure of an enduring place among political biographies. The work, in two goodly volumes, has been carefully and conscientiously done, and the result is a very complete picture of the man. Sir Charles was a peculiarly fascinating personality; he continued a remarkable literary tradition in a remarkable way; he had great abilities of many kinds, and to these he did justice early. His friends prophesied a great career for him. Sir Charles was born in 1843. He was the fourth of his name in the direct line. His son, the present Baronet, is the fifth to bear it. The subject of this memoir said that the earliest memory he could date was of April 10, 1848, when, during the Chartist troubles, he saw the Duke of Wellington riding through the street attended by his staff, but all in plain clothes. The boy was educated by his grandfather, Charles Wentworth Dilke, that literary civil-servant who, in 1830, acquired a main share in the *Athenæum*, from which the Dilke sceptre only departed with the death of the last Sir Charles. Mr Dilke was a remarkable man, and exercised an extraordinary and abiding influence on his grandson. The boy was never at a public school;

the Union. He graduated at the head of the Law Tripos, Senior Legalist. A period of travel followed, and the result was "Greater Britain." It was a success; it drew the praise of Thiers. J. S. Mill, although a stranger to the author, wrote to him a letter of most ungrudging commendation. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until Mill's death. In the autumn of 1867, Dilke was elected M.P. for Chelsea. He was the chief beginner of the revolt against the "old gang"—he "acted with the Radicals." Harcourt, Fawcett, and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice were close friends. Dilke made his way steadily. In home and foreign politics he showed his power; he was a pioneer in what are now called "Social Questions"; the amelioration of the lot of Labour had in him a true friend. The early prophecies of greatness seemed likely to be fulfilled. In time Sir Charles was spoken of as the future Prime Minister. Then a cloud descended. It is a mysterious and tragic chapter in a wonderful life. In this biography it is handled with reticence, and with full persuasion that fate used Sir Charles ill. The mystery is, however, nowise cleared

up, but certain anomalies of our legal system are brought under an unsparing searchlight. For a time Sir Charles remained out of public life, but at last the way was clear for his return. There was no regaining all the lost ground; but he proved himself a zealous, able, and disinterested public servant. His work will endure. The book is peculiarly interesting in its revelation of the bond between Dilke and Chamberlain, men of widely different training and temperament. It throws also curious and noteworthy sidelights on Gladstone. His letter of Feb. 2, 1886, to Dilke is a characteristic of Gladstone's power to write words that would serve in either of two events, perhaps in one event of many. Incidentally it contains an admirably condensed summation of Dilke's talents and public value:

"The great capacity which you have proved in a variety of spheres and forms for rendering good and great service to Crown and country." The intimate sketches, the *obiter dicta*, lend added vitality to an already vivid presentment. It is noteworthy that though Dilke refused to be considered a man of letters, he had a marvellous literary accomplishment.

"WILD HEATHER," AT THE STRAND.

AT the close of the second act of Miss Dorothy Brandon's "Wild Heather," its chief male character, a rugged Labour leader, reads from a Prayer Book the warning "A man may not marry his stepmother." It is on the growing affection of a young stepmother—so she imagines herself to be—for a grown-up stepson that the sentimental interest of the story turns; and, could we take the story seriously, did we not all along expect that the barrier between them would be removed—as it is at last quite preposterously



IN BELGIUM: AN IMPROMPTU "CANOE" ON THE YSER.

French Official.

the theme might seem daring for one who is surely a novice. But the theme is not handled for what it is worth, the comic possibilities of the author's hypothesis distracting—and perhaps it is as well—our attention and hers. The idea of a girl's making a death-bed marriage with an Irish-American millionaire, and so landing on her family his three gawks of sons whom she has promised to educate into gentlemen, is worthy of farce; and Miss Brandon gets good fun out of the resultant conflict of manners. Nor does she handle badly scenes in which her heroine is seen trying to make up her mind between the Labour leader and her own well-bred fiancé. There is good acting from Miss Edyth Goodall, so eloquent in aspect and by-play that she almost makes us believe in the recklessness of Heather's marriage escapade and love-making; from Mr. Lyn Harding, who suggests labour in every posture and step; from Mr. Walter Pearce, condemned to play the perfect gentleman (with a lapse), and playing the part with disarming naturalness; and from Miss Dorothy Minto, who in one of the smallest of parts as a Cockney milliner produces a striking impression.



IN PARIS: A CONCERT IN THE CANTEN OF THE GARE DU NORD.

French Official.

but he was taken much abroad; he saw many people worth seeing; he was present on several historic occasions in Paris during the visit of Queen Victoria. In 1862 he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge. At the close of his freshman year he won a scholarship, but lost it for a youthful and very venial prank. He was a good oar and a hard worker. He soon won distinction as a speaker at

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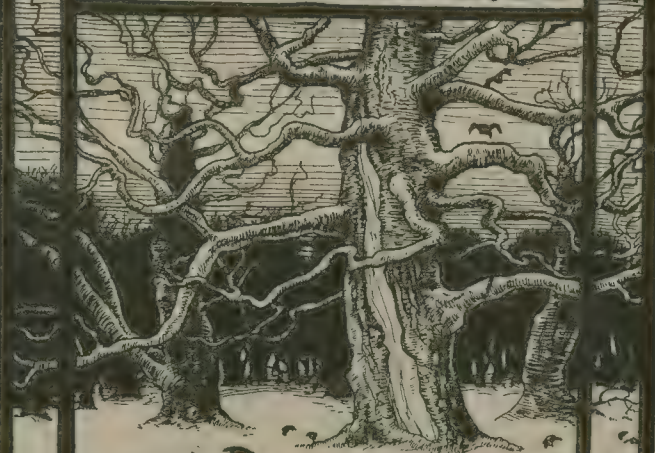
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"THE UNSOLDIERLIKE SUB."—A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

THERE has come to hand, within the last fortnight, a letter from a Captain with the B.E.F., which is well worth reprinting here, in view of its distinctive difference from the majority of "letters from the Front."

Here is the letter in question:

"I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France."

"I was then appointed as a second-lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C."

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

"—, Captain."

As an isolated letter the foregoing might fail to carry much weight. But when it is taken as typical of some hundreds of similar letters from Army and Navy officers, then, indeed, one is forced to concede that there must be "something in Pelmanism."

Nearly forty Generals and Admirals and well over 300 naval and regimental commanders—to say nothing of 3000 other officers and a multitude of N.C.O.s and men—have adopted Pelmanism since the outbreak of war, and every day brings reports from them as to substantial benefits derived.

Let us take a few examples. A Naval Captain reports promotion to the command of a fine cruiser—thanks to his Pelman training. A Lieutenant-Colonel reports "a step in rank" within two months of starting the Course. A Major writes attributing his majority and his D.S.O. to the same agency. A General and a Rear-Admiral also write giving testimony. There is not a rank or unit of either service which has not supplied convincing evidence of the fact that Pelmanism is truly the short road to progress.

Many officers find that, in addition to assisting them to greater military efficiency, the Pelman Course serves other desirable ends. For example:

The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clean, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

Such letters render comment superfluous.

The evidence forces one irresistibly to the conclusion that, as "TRUTH" says, "The Pelman Institute places the means of progress within the reach of everyone."

An Amazing Fact

The amazing fact is that, however sweeping this statement may appear, it is literally true! There is no case upon record in which the conscientious student of

"Pelmanism" has failed to reach the coveted goal—whether that goal be promotion, financial betterment, social or professional advancement, or aught else.

"Pelmanism" in the Services

The extent to which "Pelmanism" has been adopted by both Services is wonderful. At the present time there are no fewer than 7000 officers and men following the Pelman Course, including:

- 34 Generals.
- 5 Admirals.
- 81 Naval Captains and Commanders.
- 144 Colonels.
- Over 3000 other Officers.

From these voluntary reports are received daily, recording promotion and other benefits due to "Pelmanism."

As to other results, the difficulty is to select the most representative ones. Here is a random selection which could be multiplied a thousandfold from the Institute's records:

- Promotion to Colonelcy.
- Placed my practice on a satisfactory basis.
- Rise of £145 per annum.
- Naval Promotion (Captain).
- Salary improved 300 per cent.
- Literary prize of £250.
- My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.
- Increase of salary of 50 per cent.
- Increased turnover and salary.
- Secured a Staff Appointment (Army).
- My turnover has beaten all records.
- My business has increased considerably.
- Salary exactly doubled.
- Added £80 to my Commission Account.
- Salary increased, also a 10 per cent. bonus.
- My salary has been increased by 60 per cent.
- The means of making my income double.
- Greatest increase in business.

Thus, in every direction—financial, professional, social, and educational—the Pelman System is daily helping thousands of men and women of every trade, profession, and occupation to attain success.

And what is the cost? A half-hour or so devoted each evening for a few weeks to a most fascinating course of study; not study in the humdrum sense of the word, but a real mental recreation.

From the very first lesson difficulties begin to vanish; problems become easier of solution; worries are dissipated. It is no magic formula which accomplishes this;

the secret is a perfectly open one—the natural development and thorough organisation of the mental faculties leading to a tremendous stimulation of energy and confidence in oneself.

From business and professional women eulogistic letters are received by the thousand. Many of them actually reproach the Pelman Institute for underestimating the value of the Course. For instance, a Solicitor writes:

"I used to think that the claims made for 'Pelmanism' must be fantastic; now I consider them to be under-statements of the truth."

It is useful to bear in mind this comment (typical of many) when one is tempted to think that the announcements made by the Institute are in any degree exaggerated. As a matter of sober fact, every statement made here elsewhere can be handsomely justified by a reference to the records of the Institute.

A Student of the Course recently wrote: "If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants." Even as a purely social and intellectual factor, Pelmanism well repays the few hours required for its study.

Qualities Developed

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises, the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to reason clearly, to converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc., etc. Individual instruction is given through the post, and the student receives the utmost assistance from the large expert staff of instructors at the Institute in solving particular personal difficulties and problems.

The Directors of the Institute have temporarily arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of the "I.L.N." to secure the complete Course with a minimum outlay. To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard or by letter to the address below.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which is sent with "TRUTH'S" special Report on "Pelmanism," and particulars showing how to secure the Course for one-third less than the usual fee) will be sent post free to all "I.L.N." readers who send to the Pelman Institute, 53, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.



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LITERATURE.

"Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer."

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler has been a pioneer in more than one field of travel and discovery. He is well known as the founder of the Royal Aero Club, and the first Hon. Treasurer of the Royal Automobile Club, and he has visited at different times many parts of the world. In his new book, "Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer" (Fisher Unwin), he opens up, for the majority of readers at any rate, a fresh and fascinating region, which may, thanks to his efforts, become better known than it has been hitherto. Lapland, indeed, may quite possibly become a holiday ground of the future, especially for winter sport. To enjoy it, one must have, of course, a taste for wintry things; but, as those who read Mr. Hedges Butler's delightful pages will know, there are means of overcoming any climatic hardships; and it is even possible to sleep comfortably out of doors in the open snow, well wrapped up, after the Lapland fashion, in reindeer skins and other voluminous garments. It is the reindeer chiefly that make life possible in Lapland: they provide the inhabitants with food, clothing, and means of communication; they are, indeed, the essential factor of the national life. Their habits even influence the migratory movements of the people, who are more or less nomadic. The Laplanders travel either in sledges, called pulkas, drawn by reindeer; or afoot on skis, with which they attain remarkable speed, being able easily to overtake wolves, which they kill with clubs. Wolves are the great enemies of the reindeer, and, consequently, of the Laplanders. It would be interesting to know how this amiable and peace-loving nation has been affected by the war. "Some people," writes the author, in a chapter on the Murman coast, "consider the Laplanders timid, even cowardly; but a race that lives in the midst of rough nature like this, swims daringly in stormy waters, fights with frosts and snowstorms, and kills bears, cannot by any means be

called timid or cowardly." Lapland, to the average reader, will appear very like Fairyland, with its strange customs and unusual natural phenomena, its glistening whiteness, the flashing of the northern lights, the long absence of the sun in winter, and the long reign of the moon. One seems, in reading this book, to be transported into another world. We have touched but briefly on the broad aspects of Mr. Hedges Butler's work. Its great charm is its practical character and unaffected simplicity of style. Every sentence is packed with information. He tells us all about Lapland, its natural features and the beauty of its scenery; its



ON GROUND NEWLY WON FROM THE GERMANS: AMMUNITION PACK-HORSES ARRIVING WHILE THE GUNNERS ARE GETTING A BIG GUN INTO ITS NEW POSITION.—Official Photograph.]

inhabitants, human and otherwise; its *fauna*; and, most important of all to those who would follow in its footsteps, he gives advice on all matters of route and equipment. The volume is illustrated by a large number of interesting photographs, from which much can be learnt regarding the mode of life and costumes of the Laplanders.

"Inside Constantinople."

In diplomacy, as well as in the field, our association with the United States promises excellent results. Already two notable blows have been struck against the traditional secrecy of the diplomatic circle, in the shape of books of "revelations" by American representatives in Europe. Alongside Mr. Gerard's account of his four years in Germany we now have another intensely interesting volume of a similar character—namely, Mr. Lewis Einstein's "Inside Constantinople" (Murray). Mr. Einstein, a former Minister Plenipotentiary in the United States Diplomatic Service, acted as Special Agent at the American Embassy in

Constantinople from April 1915 to September of the same year, when he was sent to Sofia as American Diplomatic Representative in charge of British interests. His book is further described, in a sub-title, as "A Diplomatist's Diary during the Dardanelles Expedition." He began his diary at the commencement of that campaign, the failure of which was exceedingly painful to "the many who, like the writer, were of strong Allied sympathy." The entry of the United States into the war made possible its immediate publication. The diary is given in the form in which it was written from day to day, with "practically no corrections," and minor incidents mingled with matters of graver import. It is all the more human and interesting on that account, for, as its author well remarks, "even in historic moments life remains a mosaic." The primary interest is, of course, the effect of the Dardanelles fighting on public and official life in Constantinople, the general view of the war from the Turkish standpoint, and the fluctuations of policy among the various Balkan States. Then, too, there are numerous pen-pictures of leading personalities, as Enver and Talaat (the "instigator" of the Armenian massacres), the Sultan and the Grand Vizier, and Wangenheim, the German Ambassador to Turkey. The latter is quoted as having given an account of the origin of the war which establishes Germany's guilt. The story of the cruelties inflicted on the Armenian people bulks largely in the book. Everyone ought to read this memorable record.

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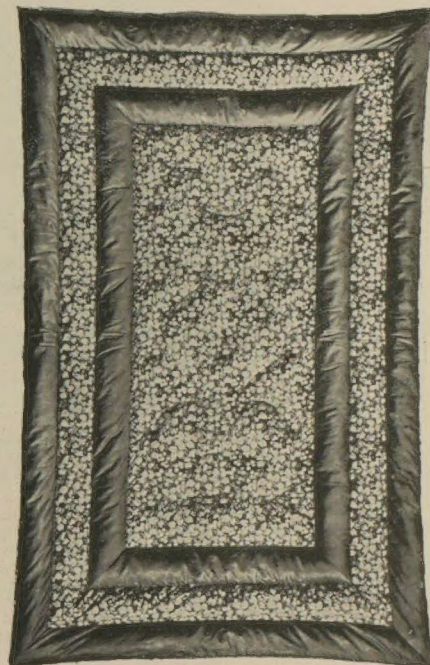
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The A.A. and Coal-Gas. When the Automobile Association raised the question of the use of coal-gas with the Ministry of Munitions, I ventured to doubt the wisdom of its action, and pointed out that it is better to allow sleeping dogs to lie. Apparently, there has been more correspondence, since the Association has sent me a communication headed,



A FAVOURITE TYPE: A STANDARD LIGHT CAR NEAR RUGBY.

Our photograph shows an excellent specimen of the well-known Standard light car, standing at The Lodge, Escehall, near Rugby.

"Coal-Gas on Motor-Cars: Official Sanction Obtained by the A.A.," which embodies the gist of a reply from the Ministry to the Association's inquiry. The effect of this is that so long as the gas is conveyed, as is at present the case, in bags at or slightly above atmospheric pressure, and not compressed in steel cylinders, it is not considered that there is at the present time any need, on general grounds, for restrictions on the use of coal-gas for motor purposes. At the same time, it is pointed out, if motorists were to use coal-gas on any considerable scale it might, in the interests of national requirements, become necessary at some future time to impose certain restrictions upon its use. In the first place, I must say I like the Association's claim to have obtained official sanction for the use of gas! As a matter of fact, the A.A. has not interested itself at all in the matter, and it was not until the use of coal-gas had attained considerable dimensions, and had become the subject of lengthy discussions in the Press, that the

Association awakened to the fact that anything was being done to mitigate the evils attendant upon a shortage of our normal fuels. It has simply sat down with folded hands and allowed other people to do the work, and then, when the thing had been accomplished, the Association put in its oar and has placed the motorist in the position of having to say: "Thank you for nothing." There is little doubt that the interference of the A.A. will simply result, be or:

long, in restrictive Orders being made by the Ministry of Munitions, or whatever is the competent authority in these matters. Indeed, it seems to me that already the position tends to become ambiguous. The Ministry says it has no objection to the use of gas so long as it is not used compressed in steel cylinders. We know that the best practical manner of using it is compressed in metal cylinders, and a fair number of cars are fitted with gas-holders of this type. What happens to them? Will their owners have to take down the cylinders and substitute "balloons"? Not at the moment, of course, because the communication I have quoted from is not an Order, but it clearly foreshadows the issue of an Order at an early date. Evidently, such an Order was superfluous until attention was called to the increasing use of coal-gas, because it is a matter of extreme difficulty to obtain the steel cylinders nowadays, and their supply is automatically dealt with by the various Orders restricting the supply of steel and other metal cylinders except for national purposes. But once a situation has been outlined it becomes necessary, from the official point of view, to regulate it; and in this case it does not seem that there is any alternative to forbidding the use of steel cylinders altogether, unless the Ministry is going to permit their unrestricted use within the four corners of the supply Orders to which I have referred. Obviously, that is not going to be done; and what, therefore, we have to thank the A.A. for doing, in the effort to secure a little of the limelight for itself, is to have started the Ministry of Munitions thinking hard about the use of coal-gas for purposes other than those of pure business.

An Effect of the Petrol Order.

Already one of the effects I prophesied as likely to result from the latest Petrol Restriction Order has come to

pass. Firms and individuals engaged on work of national importance have found their activities hampered by the necessity to stop and explain to the police half-a-dozen times in the course of a journey that they are really not joy-riding, but are doing their best to get on with their share of the war. I am given to understand that the question of issuing a distinctive badge to be carried by cars which have a right to be using petrol for war work is under consideration by the competent authority, and will probably be issued before long. In conversation the other day with one of the largest manufacturers of aeroplane engines, I gathered that the work is likely to be seriously hampered unless such a distinguishing badge is issued soon. It seems to be difficult to persuade the police that the ordinary passenger car which is carrying two or three civilians may, equally with the lorry loaded with castings, be engaged on national work of the utmost importance. I agree that it is impossible to foresee everything, but this is an aspect which surely might have occurred to the Petrol Controller before he made his latest Order.

In Case of Invasion.

The Board of Trade has given notice that the issue of a petrol licence will be subject in future to the condition that the licensee shall hold himself, or his paid driver, and his motor-car or cars, at the disposal of the military

(Continued over leaf)

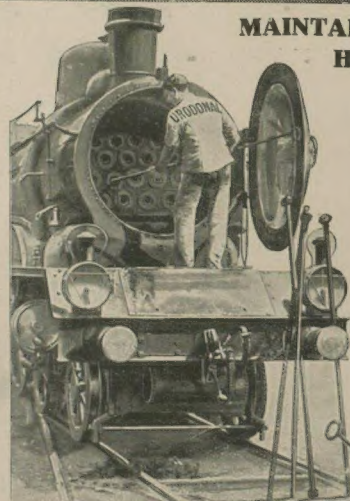


THE NEW METHOD OF PROGRESSION: A ROVER, RUNNING SUCCESSFULLY ON COAL-GAS.

The adoption of coal-gas as a new source of power is proving very successful. Our photograph shows a standard 12-h.p. Rover car running on coal-gas. The installation was made by the British Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd.

URODONAL

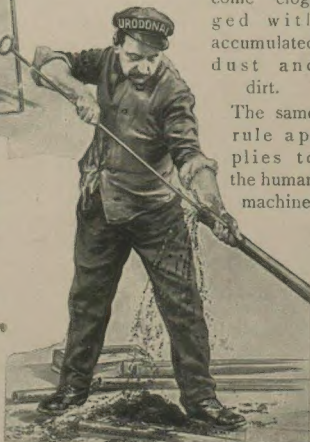
MAINTAINS YOUTH OF THE HEART AND ARTERIES.



It frees them from all the waste products, uratic and chalky deposits which tend to harden their walls.

This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.



Certain blood vessels (veins and arteries) can be compared to boilers. By dint of continually working and circulating blood that is more or less loaded with impurities, their walls become encrusted and hardened, so as to resemble "clay piping." This is **Arterio-sclerosis**, the baneful consequences of which are only too well known. Uric acid is the chief enemy, inasmuch as it is always present in excess whenever nutrition is disturbed. It paralyzes the heart, and is in some cases the sole cause of certain diseases of this organ (Pericarditis, endocarditis, etc.). Heart trouble, as well as disorders of the circulation, are, therefore, greatly benefited from the use of URODONAL, which is **thirty-seven times more powerful than lithia** as a solvent of uric acid; and, therefore, effectively prevents the appearance of the manifold troubles due to its presence.

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DR. THOUVENIN, French Medical Faculty.

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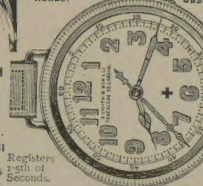
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authorities in the event of a national emergency. The particular "emergency" contemplated is that which would be caused by the invasion, or contemplated invasion, of our shores by an enemy force. In such an event, the immediate supply of motor vehicles in districts affected would be of great military value. The War Office proposes to direct the County Commandants of counties to ascertain the number of motor vehicles thus available in a county through the Motor Volunteer Corps organisation. The object to be aimed at is the enrolment of a sufficient number of motor vehicles to meet all military needs in the event of such a contingency as that contemplated.—W. W.

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POETS IN KHAKI AND IN MUFTI.

MUCH good verse, pulsing with reality, has been written by men at the front, and some of it is to be found in "A Highland Regiment," by Lieutenant E. A. Mackintosh, M.C., Seaford Highlanders (John Lane). It is the work of an undergraduate turned soldier, and the scholarly touch is strengthened by the pathos of experience. Memories of Oxford and the Scottish glens come back to him amid the mud of the trenches and the deaths of his friends. Another soldier singer, this time an Irishman, is Corporal Frances Ledwidge, whose "Songs of Peace" (Herbert Jenkins) were selected by Lord Dunsany. His muse is tuned in a gentler key. As the titles show, he wrote his songs on service in the Mediterranean, in Greece, and Serbia, and in hospital in Egypt; but the poems themselves do not describe his military experiences. They are a record rather of his thoughts and fancies, which generally wandered back to the Irish hills, or visions of classical legend.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries" (Macmillan) contains poetry in a very different vein. The author takes about a score of characters, each engaged in a different occupation, and makes each the subject of a narrative poem, either in rhymed couplets or some equally simple metre. The language is homely, with frequent bits of dialect and slang. The poems are

character-sketches and pen-pictures of a kind which one cannot but feel might have been more readable in prose. They recall William Watson's epigram describing some tale in verse as "A novel lost, and not a poem won." This is not to say that the stories are not good, and some readers may prefer such things in verse: it is merely a matter of taste.

Mysticism, born of the immemorial visions of the East, is the note of a volume called "Fruit-Gathering" (Macmillan), by the Indian poet, Sir Rabindranath Tagore. It is a prose-poem—that is, it is written in English prose—whether translated from the Oriental original is not stated. To the matter-of-fact English reader, the work as a whole, with its manifold allusions to Indian legends and its constant transitions from anecdote to philosophic reflection, may appear vague and its artistic unity difficult to grasp. But it is full of beautiful images and lofty thoughts. A section towards the end evidently refers to the present state of the world: "The cowardice of the weak, the arrogance of the strong, the greed of fat prosperity, the rancour of the wronged, pride of race, and insult to man—Has burst God's peace, raging in storm." The poet ends on a note of thanksgiving, as one of "the humble who suffer and bear the burden of power. . . . And the morrow is theirs. O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts blossoming in flowers of the morning, and the torchlight revelry of pride sunken to ashes."

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